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THE

LIVING AND THE DEAD.

BY

A COUNTRY CURATE.

GEN. THEOL. SEM. OF THE PROT. EPISC. CH.

Rev Erskine Neale

"Man after all has but a body and a soul, and we can only contribute to his happiness by consulting the wants of the one or the other."

Edinburgh Review.

NEW-YORK:

PRINTED BY J. & J. HARPER, FOR

COLLINS AND HANNAY, COLLINS AND CO., G. AND C. CARVILL, WILLIAM B. GILLEY, A. T. GOODRICH, O. A. ROORBACH, E. BLISS, AND WILLIAM BURGESS, JR.

1827.

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TO

THE VERY REVEREND DR. PEARSON,

DEAN OF SARUM,

WHO,

AS THE ABLE SUPPORTER AND ELOQUENT ADVOCATE

OF OUR PURE AND APOSTOLICAL CHURCH,

SO HAPPILY COMBINES

ENERGY IN ACTION, WITH SOBRIETY IN PRECEPT;

AND PORTRAYS

ALL THAT IS GLOWING IN RATIONAL PIETY

WITHOUT THE LEAST LEAVEN OF FANATICAL ZEAL;

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE following pages are strictly what they profess to be—the fruits of those hours "few and far between," which fall to the lot of a Country Curate in a large and laborious parish.

They are styled "The Living and the Dead," because the Author, in drawing upon those materials which actual observation has afforded him, has not scrupled to give an outline or two of the one, and more frequently the past history—reflections—and experience of the other. Of the former, he trusts he has said nothing that is uncandid or unjust;—of the latter, he has spoken with freedom—since they, having ere this appeared before a higher tribunal than that of human opinion, can no longer be affected by earthly censure or applause.

Nor have higher motives been wanting to decide him on this course. There are those who will learn from the dead, however unwilling they may be to be instructed by the living; and though "*de mortuis nil nisi* BONUM," is a good motto, "*de mortuis nil nisi* VERUM," is a better.

With these observations he commits his little volume to the world. His first wish is that it may arouse some brother clergyman to a deeper sense of the paramount importance and ceaseless responsibility which attach to his sacred calling; of the gravity—and self denial—and recollectedness which should at all times accompany it;—his next is, that it may breathe no sentiment which the spiritual avocations of the Author must condemn—contain no

expression which may appear hostile to the interests of true morality and real religion.

More especially has he been desirous in touching upon the cares, the pleasures, and the fleeting enjoyments of this life, to keep steadily in view the only circumstance which is of *real* value in it—the opportunity it affords us of preparing for another.

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MY FIRST PARISH.

"We exhort you, Brethren, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that you have in remembrance into how high a dignity, and to how weighty an office and charge ye are called; to be messengers, watchmen, and stewards of the Lord; to teach and to premonish; to feed and provide for the Lord's family; to seek for Christ's sheep that are scattered abroad. Have always, therefore, printed in your remembrance, how great a treasure is committed to your charge."

Ordination Service.

MY FIRST PARISH.

Monday, June 5, 182 .—The Ordination over, my papers delivered, and my fees paid;—my parting bow made to the Bishop, and my grateful acknowledgments offered to his Chaplain—I had nothing to do but proceed to my parish. I rode slowly, for my heart was full. What a change in feeling—in sentiment—in profession—had a few hours produced! "The vows I have pronounced are sacredly binding, and can only be cancelled by death. Of the commission, which I have voluntarily undertaken, how paramount the importance—how ceaseless the responsibility!" Thus musing I had reached the boundary of the parish. It was the close of a lovely summer's day. The birds were singing their evening hymn to their Great Creator—the peasant was returning from his toil—the last rays of the sun were taking leave of the surrounding landscape with a smile—and all nature wore that look of sabbath stillness which we can fancy prevailed when God rested from his labours and "saw that it was very good." A turn in the road brought me upon the church. It had formerly been the chapel of a monastery; and was the only relic of a society alike famed for its ambition, hospitality, and wealth. It was a noble building, and in a beautiful state of preservation. A little straggling village surrounded it; and the low, thatched, clay-built cottages formed a striking contrast to the massy but finely-proportioned pile. It stood rather on rising ground; and as I

caught the last sunbeam resting on the highest turret, it seemed to point to that Deity whose eye is always upon his erring creatures—who is ever ready to welcome them back to the paths of purity and peace. This then is "MY CHURCH!" O what a volume of meaning is contained at such a moment in these two little words! Here then is the spot in which I am to enter the vineyard of my heavenly Master. Here am I to remember and obey that solemn injunction —"Occupy till I come." What, though poverty be the prevailing feature in the scene? Still *here* is a flock of Christ; still *here* are souls destined for immortality—souls of which I have voluntarily undertaken the spiritual charge; for which I must render a fearful account; and of which,—O that I may be able at last to say—"of those which thou hast given me have I lost none!" But have I duly considered the duties, privileges, trials, and responsibility of a Christian Minister? That office cannot be mean whose end is the restoration of man to his original purity and happiness; that office cannot be mean whose object is the communication of truth; that office cannot be mean whose aim is the illumination of the understanding, and the production of principles which are to bear fruit in eternity.

Sunday Evening, June 11.—I preached my first sermon this morning. Though I trembled excessively on entering the desk, and though my voice very frequently faltered, still I passed the dreaded ordeal infinitely better than I anticipated. I chose for my text—"I have a message from God unto thee."* My auditory consisted almost exclusively of farmers and their families; and I have seen few country congregations more attentive and devout. I thought—at least so I flattered myself—that it was not very apparent that this was my first effort. Yet there were two elderly gentlewomen—old maids, I

* Judges iii. 20.

am sure, who had talked themselves thin—seated cheek by jowl in the Squire's pew—who nodded, and whispered, and winked to each other in a very knowing and suspicious manner. If they have made any discovery, it is all over the parish by this time. I am sure from their *most* benevolent cast of countenance, that they are far too kind and communicative to keep such an important secret to themselves!

Wednesday, June 21.—I was summoned this morning to the death-bed of a poor woman of the name of Sarah Westaby. She is labouring under a disease which experience has pronounced incurable; and to the sufferings of the body are added, in her case, the agonies of the mind. She is aged, illiterate, and diseased. I entered into conversation with her: and among other questions inquired when she had last been at chuch. "Alas, Sir,—the more shame for me—not for SEVEN years." "Seven years?" "Yes, Sir, seven long years. I dared not — I dared not." "Dared not, why?" "Why," said she, glancing suspiciously round the room and lowering her voice into a whisper, "I had saved a little money; all gold—good golden guineas. This is a lone house—there was no one I could trust—all alike in this village—all alike—thieves—thieves: so for fear I should lose my hard, hard earnings, I staid at home to watch, to guard them." "Poor unhappy woman! and so the dread of losing an atom of your miserable wealth has induced you to hazard the loss of your soul?"—"True, Sir," she replied, "but too true! But it's not too late?" "Never to those who are SINCERELY penitent. The gates of heaven are not shut upon the soul till the gates of death are closed upon the body."

Tuesday, June 27.—I have just parted with a most facetious gentleman—a kind of general executor to the whole county—a sort of testamentary Caleb Quotem. He came up with a smile—intro-

duced himself as "Mr. Neophyte Neversage," and "begged for my company when agreeable." He assured me that he was particularly partial to clerical society—had been extremely fortunate in that respect. "I once, Sir, spent a clerical day with the late worthy vicar Mr. Peyton. Allow me to give you an account of it. It runs thus. In the morning at eight o'clock I had the pleasure of giving away my respected friend Mrs. Diana Doublestakes; she was the widow of my late partner Mr. Zerubbabel Doublestakes; and a very sensitive, sympathizing woman she was. The ceremony was over by nine: and as we left the church, we crossed the grave of her first husband, over which, in passing, she shed a flood of tears. At eleven I had the satisfaction of meeting the same excellent incumbent at a christening—that of my nephew's eldest son, my god-child. Most appropriately was the ceremony performed! I was a guest at the christening dinner, but could not long enjoy it. I left 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul' at seven, to attend as chief mourner the remains of my esteemed co-trustee to the grave. This lamentable, but, alas! requisite service was very feelingly performed by the same dignified Divine. I was present at the reading of the will; in which I found myself named sole executor and residuary legatee. These little matters satisfactorily adjusted, I joinedthe wedding party at supper: when we kept it up to a late hour in the morning. This, Sir, I call one of my 'clerical days'—shall be most happy (with a very low bow) on any future occasion, to go the same round of duty with you!"

Monday, July 3.—I had met more than once in my rambles an aged and very superior-looking woman, whose air was that of the deepest dejection. She never looked up, and her bent form and tottering gait betokened one whom sorrow had bowed to

the dust. I sought for this lonely being, so "bruised and stricken," in that refuge for the wretched—the House of God. To no purpose. Sauntering last evening in the twilight, we met again. I inquired—and made my way to her abode. It was a little low cottage: without and around little was visible but poverty and neglect. The threshold was covered with grass. The garden was choked with weeds. I knocked once and again: and receiving no answer, ventured to lift the latch. The aged inmate was before me. She was kneeling beside a rude arm chair—her head was thrown back in agony—her countenance was deadly pale—her attitude was that of prayer, but she was clearly in a paroxysm of mental suffering. She turned round as I spoke, and a gleam of pleasure appeared to steal across her face. "You're kindly welcome. I'm glad to see you. It's years since this threshold has been darkened by any human being save myself." "I come to you as a friend. You are aged, infirm, and apparently in sorrow. As your minister it is my duty to visit you: and I do so in this instance with the hope of being able to afford you comfort." "No, no—that's all gone. It's gone with my boys." "Your boys? You have had children, then, and have lost them?" A look of the most unutterable anguish convulsed her countenance, and her voice became thick almost to suffocation, as she gasped out in broken accents—"THEY WERE HUNG—BOTH—BOTH—IN ONE DAY—AT YORK—AS LUDDITES." There was a pause, which I knew not how to break. In a few moments the look of agony had passed away, and her features had settled down into their general expression of rooted sorrow. "Now you know all: and do ye still talk to me of comfort?" "I do: not from any thing which this world can offer, but from ABOVE. True, the fate of your sons was ignominious as it regards themselves—most distressing and

heart-breaking to a parent. But if they died penitent"—"Oh," she exclaimed, "Oh, if I was but sure of that! I know all you're going to say. I've said it again and again to myself. You are about to tell me that heaven is a place of re-union; that perhaps I may join them again." "Yes: guilty as they might be, still"—"Guilty!" she exclaimed with a burst of feeling and in a tone of power that appeared perfectly incompatible with her meagre and attenuated form, "who DARES to say they were guilty? No, no: they were NOT guilty. They were enticed, cajoled, entrapped, deceived:—(she spoke with the rapidity of frenzy,) they might have been incautious, but they were NOT criminal! Generous—dutiful—affectionate as they were to their old widowed mother; the staff of my age, the prop of my years; my only joy and comfort in this wilderness of existence——God *will*—he *has* forgiven them! And oh, if we SHOULD meet again!"—and abandoning herself to all the grief of a mother's bursting heart, she wept long and loudly.

Tuesday, July 4.—I am not, I rejoice to say, likely to be entirely debarred from female society! The two single ladies who so instantaneously detected my *début*, have this morning called on me. Most unfortunately, I was from home: but they were kind enough to leave a message for me of no common length, importing that they had called on "very particular business;" and that they had deemed it "most proper and PRUDENT to come together." On their cards I found

MISS IRENE GOGGS.

MISS EUNICE KICK.

Thursday, July 6.—Sarah Westaby died this morning. She appeared submissive and resigned. Those earnings which to her had been the cause of so much error and omission, she bequeathed to different poor but deserving relatives; and then withdrew her

thoughts entirely from earthly objects. Though there were no raptures—no enthusiasm—no elation—I have good grounds for believing she died a true penitent. The last words I heard her utter were, "Ah, how would I now spend another Sunday!"

Saturday, July 8.—Mrs. Gubbins, one of the Lions of the county—the Poetess—Authoress—Translator of Herodotus—and Political Economist—had her three children christened this day. They are really fine little creatures;—don't know the taste of meat, being brought up solely on vegetables! I give their names as a matter of curiosity: John—Jabez; Isabella—Dorcas; Eudyotte—Eude.

Tuesday, July 18.—How delightful are the vagaries of a genuine old maid! I was yesterday indulged with a note from Miss Irene Goggs, stating her wish to be present at the Consecration of the New Church at ———, and requesting I would procure her admission tickets. I enclosed them immediately. A second despatch reached me within the hour, to beg "the favour of ten minutes' conversation." Thrice that time I well knew was a mere trifle to a tongue of Miss Irene's calibre; but there was no help for it. I went, and was shown in silence to the drawing room. Miss Goggs was seated bolt upright in a large arm chair, with a face of unusual length and alarming gravity. Molly, her favourite maid, was standing at a little distance, with her large octagon mouth puckered up into an expression of the most superlative solemnity. "I have not," Irene Goggs began, "been beyond this parish for two and twenty years. I have resolved to be present tomorrow at the Consecration. 'Tis an awful undertaking!" (The church was about five miles off.) "These public places are invariably crowded, and there are always accidents:" (as if the consecration of a church was like a mob at the races;) "I must request you, therefore, to be a witness of what may be

my last instructions to my maid Molly. Molly Dawkins, I am on the point of risking my life! There is no saying what may be the event. But I have made my will in the most circumstantial manner: and for safety and security have deposited it in that flower pot. If I am brought home on a shutter, I desire that nobody may be *alarmed!* In particular, I beg that the event may be broken, in the gentlest manner, to Miss Eunice Kick, my sole executrix."—"Law, Miss Reeny," responded Molly, "don't talk in that way: it's like as if you were going away for life!—"Listen, Molly Dawkins, to what may be the last words of your martyred mistress—and obey. Let the house be put in order from top to bottom; every thing arranged; every thing clean. I have done." Molly, it appears, obeyed her instructions to the letter. Miss Goggs, on her return "sound wind and limb," was greeted thus: "Well, Miss Reeny, I determined if as how you had been brought home, squeezed to death, upon a shutter, you should not have been shocked by *seeing* the house dirty. I scrubbed every floor, and staircase, with my own hands, so clean, that the BEARERS might have dined off the boards—*if so be that it had been necessary.*

Saturday, July 29.—Marion Shawe still continues in the same distressing state of feeling. Appearances, I grant, are not in my favour; but *nil desperandum* is the motto of the Christian as well as the warrior. In our interview of this morning, I pressed upon her the duty of attending the public ordinances of religion, and the comfort to be derived from the services of the Sanctuary. "Be persuaded; be prevailed on:" said I, "let me see you at church next Sunday."—"At church!" she replied, with a laugh that defies all description, "at church! who would give *me* a seat? *me*, a poor, distracted, helpless, half wild woman; *me*, who had but two sons, and lost them both at the gallows. No, no; no seat

for me. And would you," she continued, in a tone of inconceivable bitterness, "have me stand in the aisle for every rustic to point at, and every hoyden to whisper—'That's her; that's her; look at her: d'ye see her?' There's no church for such as me. And yet," she continued, in milder accents, "I am not without some feelings of devotion. When the bells have all chimed, and the villagers are all in, I love to creep out, and stand in the porch, and listen to the sorrows and sufferings of my Saviour: *He* knows how many and how sweet are the tears I shed! And when I listen to *His* words, so soft and mournful, I forget my own trials, and think only of His love."

Tuesday, August 22.—I received a summons yesterday evening to the death bed of a poor young creature, whom I found in the last stage of consumption. Her age I can hardly suppose would exceed twenty; but, besides disease, I fancied that I could discover unequivocal symptoms of a broken heart. There is something peculiar about her case —something, or I am much mistaken, carefully kept out of view. Her husband appears at least thirty years older than herself; has the look and bearing of a hardened, unfeeling, habitual sensualist; and seems utterly indifferent about his dying wife. Nay, when I told him that, to all appearance, a few weeks would terminate her existence, he seemed to hear me with pleasure. Surely, surely, it cannot be that, after so short a union, he is tired of one so young and so gentle! It is not so on her part. I am sure she loves him yet—loves him fondly—affectionately—unchangeably;—harshness, cruelty, indifference, and neglect, all are insufficient to exhaust the flow of woman's love!

"I speak of woman's love.
The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast,
Your first small words are taught you from her lips,

> Your first tears quenched by her, and your last sighs
> Too often breath'd out in a woman's hearing,
> When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
> Of watching the last hour of him who led them."
>
> BYRON.

I am not quite satisfied with herself. There was an insensibility—an indifference—a deadness to devotional feeling, which surprised and distressed me. Something is very wrong. It is my duty to probe and detect it.

Sunday Night, August 27.—Poor Marian has this day received the Sacrament. She was deeply affected, and trembled very violently: but on the whole was more collected than I had ventured to anticipate. I was pleased to discover a very general feeling of sympathy pervade the congregation, as more than one kind neighbour eagerly stepped forward to assist her to the altar. I saw her in the evening, and never found her so calm and composed—so happy and resigned. I trust, under the mild and gentle influence of religion, all will yet be well. Fixing her thoughts upon the glories of an unseen world—drinking deep of the consolations which revelation affords—and anticipating that eventful period when dissolution shall give place to re-union, and faith terminate in sight—may her *last* days be, in the fullest sense of the term, her *best* days!

Wednesday, August 30.—'Tis a sad, sad history this of poor Fanny Cooper! It may be told in few words. At eighteen she fell a prey to the artifices of that monster in society—a systematic seducer. Adding cruelty to perfidy, when Cooper found his victim likely to become a parent, he refused to make her his wife. Her mother, a widow, driven to desperation at the infamy which would attach to her daughter's character, bribed him with the surrender of all her little property to take her child to church. They became man and wife about six weeks before

their eldest girl was born. "Thank God!" said the poor young creature, her eyes filling with tears, "my mother died soon afterwards. She was spared the pang of looking at me as I am. Oh I am happy, too happy, to think she is not here to see me hurried by cruelty and ill usage into an early grave. Not that he ever beat me, Sir, or struck me in his life. Never; but it's his taunts and reproaches that have killed me! For two long years he has never ceased to upbraid me. Oh, Sir, it is hard, very hard, to be led into sin and sorrow, shame and misery, and then to be reproached hourly by the author of it all! Bad as I may be, I was always true to him. But he's the father of my boys; and I love him *still*."

Monday, September 4.—A resignation! Our Parish Clerk has this day tendered his resignation. Discord has for some time been apparent in his tones, his temper, and the turn of his eye. To-day it burst forth in sullen dignity. A civil war had, in fact, for some months been waged in the village, "anent" the propriety of anthems. Our worthy vicar had declared on one memorable Sunday, that henceforth the singing in his church should be strictly congregational;—singing to which all were equal, and in which all could join. He preferred "most unaccountably," as David Allegro observed, the pathos and simplicity of the Old Hundredth Psalm to "Solomon's anthem from the Canticles." "This horrid perversion of taste," Mr. Allegro remarked, "could not possibly last. He should like to know what a church would be without an anthem? 'Tis the mere *cappus* of the moment," he continued, "and will be succeeded by better things. We'll have the Amen Anthem next Sunday."

Alas! this fatal Sunday gave the death blow to David Allegro's hopes. The Vicar on reaching the vestry, launched a thundering anathema against all anthems of twenty minutes' duration; and peremp-

torily interdicted the last from being ever again performed in Wilmington Church. In sober earnest it was a matchless composition. It was taken from the 2d Book of Chronicles, and contained two and thirty amens! It was the joy of David Allegro's heart. The complacent delight with which he drew in one amen after another—the air of gratified connoisseurship with which he swelled the chorus—and the look of meek resignation with which he listened to the close—are absolutely indescribable. The anthem itself, independent of the words, was considered a feast of harmony—a treat—a musical *bonne bouche* —and was regularly inflicted upon any unfortunate stranger whom the choir might happen to espy in the Vicar's pew.

But to return to David Allegro. His conduct was that of a prime minister. He scorned to survive the defeat of his favourite *measure*. He resigned his office one hour; and joined the "Independents" the next!

The consequence has been a host of competitors for the vacant office. The first, and to all appearance the successful candidate, is a Mr. Epenetus Simcoe. A greater oddity it is difficult to conceive. He was a little, lame, shrivelled old man, with a nose like a coal. A paralytic seizure had given a twist to his mouth that was inexpressibly comical; and this, added to a very jocular expression in his eye, which he evidently endeavoured to control as "foreign to his vocation," rendered him altogether a very extraordinary looking personage. He was, he said, "familiar with the duties of the office, for he had been a Parish Clerk before. My church, Sir, was *carried* away from me!" "Rather a singular manner to dispose of a church," said I. "Strange but true," he rejoined, "these are the facts, Sir."

"You have seen, and I am sure, admired the beautiful little village of Riversdale. It lies to the

left, about three miles off, across the meadows in as lovely a situation as can well be imagined. As a stranger, Sir, you may not be aware that ten years ago it consisted of two distinct parishes, contained two distinct Parish Churches. There was service alternately at each. It was performed by the same clergyman: but each parish maintained its own clerk. Years of uninterrupted tranquillity and union between the shepherd and his flock had rolled away, when we had the misfortune to lose our excellent Lord of the Manor. You've heard, I dare to say, of Colonel Featherstone. O! he was a rare man for Church and King! There were four things the old Colonel used to say he never flinched from in his life—the enemy abroad; his principles at home; a pretty girl; and his bottle. I hope no offence, Sir? Hem!

Well a day! after the old Squire's death the Manor fell into strange hands, was brought to the hammer, and purchased by an Eastern Nabob—a Guinea pig—or as Mrs. Marrowfat, the Colonel's housekeeper, informed us, a "mere *party too*."* Mr. Maximilian Burgess Craven soon gave us to understand the treatment we were to expect. He seemed to take a savage and unaccountable delight in defacing and despoiling all that had found favour with his predecessor. The faithful domestics at the Hall that had grown gray in Colonel Featherstone's service were most abruptly dismissed: and in their place came a train of impudent upstarts, who turned the village up side down with their intemperate practices and abominable pollutions—were the ruin of half the young girls in the neighbourhood—and drove every married man in the parish distracted. But all this was a mere trifle to the calamity which awaited us. The church of St.

* Query *Parvenu?*

James—MY church, Sir—stood in Riversdale park. It was hardly ten minutes' walk from the Hall, and formed—at least so every body said who knew any thing about the matter—a most picturesque object from the windows. It was the old Colonel's delight to view the villagers on a Sunday afternoon, with their happy faces and holyday garb, hastening to church through the park. 'It was a spectacle,' he said, 'worthy of a Christian country; and reminded him, that *he* was under marching orders, and must give an account of himself at the last muster.' This feeling he cherished to the close of his life. The very Sunday before he died he desired the blinds of the dressing-room to be withdrawn, and his easy chair to be wheeled to the window, that he might see his tenantry as usual. His attendants endeavoured to dissuade him from the exertion. 'Do as I tell you,' was his reply. 'Curse it,' he exclaimed in his peculiar sharp, quick manner, 'if I'm not able to get to church myself I like to see those that are! Why, what the plague's the matter with the people? They walk at a foot's pace; and as solemnly and dejectedly as if they were going to a funeral! No talking—no laughing—all silent! And they look at the house with such a lack-a-daisical aspect——What? as I live, those two old fools Jem Gregory and his wife have caught sight of me! And—and—no! it's not possible—yes, by—they're whimpering!—Put down the blind, George. You're right, the light *is* too much for me' —and he dashed away a tear with his hand. . . . . Thus cherished by our former landlord, you may conceive the astonishment, the amazement of the tenantry, when, after a few weeks' residence among us, our new Squire declared that two churches were unnecessary. 'The parishes,' he observed, 'had better be consolidated. Two churches within the distance of less than a mile!—the thing was per-

rectly ridiculous! Let one be pulled down—the old, ruinous, unsightly building which stood in the park. There might be service twice a day in the other.' The fact was, Mr. Maximilian Burgess Craven had a very slight sense of religion."—(The gravity with which this was uttered was really quite overpowering!)—"How should he, when there was such a very small part of his conduct which her dictates could sanction? The morning of his life had been spent in rapacity and cruelty: its evening was devoted to extravagance and sensuality. Besides, he 'found the country people so *continually* passing and repassing both inconvenient and intrusive.' No doubt of it. They were, most innocently and unintentionally, a check upon his riotous Sunday dinners, and Bacchanalian *reveries*.* They remarked—how could they fail?—the total change which had taken place in the habits and hours of the Manor house. Conscience had rendered it painful for him to be reminded that there was such a being as a Deity—such things as Judgment and Eternity. These were, perforce, brought to his recollection, at least one day in seven, by the bell's merry chime, and the punctual attendance of his tenantry. A right of way to the church he could neither prevent nor deny: but he might declare the structure itself to be in a ruinous and dangerous state, and take it down altogether. He resolved on the latter expedient.

When we first heard of this project, we said among ourselves—'Well! with all his wealth and impudence, this point he'll never compass.' To our sorrow and surprise, however, the thing went on. He wrote circulars to the neighbouring Magistrates. He called a meeting of the neighbouring Clergy. It would have done your heart good, Sir, to have

* Query *Revelries*?

heard those among them who were in the Commission, protest as they did against the measure. They made no scruple of avowing their opinion of so unhallowed a proceeding. Foremost among the dissentients was our venerable vicar. Nothing, he declared, should induce him to be silent when such an act of wilful desecration was contemplated. In vain did Mr. Craven allude to the influence he could exert—the patronage which he possessed. In vain did he advert to the Vicar's numerous family and scanty income, or glance at the advantages which might accrue from the observance of neutrality. The old man replied to the first argument, in a faltering voice, 'God will provide for them when I am gone;' to the last, in a tone of manly dignity, 'where favours are not expected, fortune has no power.' Well, Sir, his dinners and his wine; his promises—and to give the devil his due—his performances; his Bank Stock and Borough influence made a formidable stand against the wishes of the parish. A meeting was called to examine the state of the church. Mr. Craven gave a grand breakfast on the occasion; at which not one—no—not a single neighbouring Clergyman was present! This bold, bad man had played a deep game. Irritated by opposition he resolved to attain his object, no matter by what means. Will you believe it, Sir—can you believe it—that about four in the morning his upper and under gardeners were observed to enter, and afterward ascend the leads of the Church? They contrived to lay bare the rafters, and more than one place in the roof. The trick succeeded. A few hours afterward the Magistrates entered, attended by the surveyors. The church was declared to be 'In a state of rapid decay—in a very dangerous condition.' While the parish had barely recovered the painful surprise into which this decision had thrown them, and were deliberating upon the mea-

sures to be pursued on their part, a Bill reached Riversdale for taking down the church of St. James, and consolidating the two parishes! It had passed both Houses in the interim.

The Act, so *rippishly** obtained, was carried into immediate operation. The church, Sir—MY CHURCH—was taken down piece-meal before my eyes. In a few weeks there was hardly a vestige of it visible. The church-yard was levelled and covered with turf—the head-stones were removed—the consecrated ground was surrounded with palisades—a clump of trees was planted in the middle—and that holy edifice in which we had spent so many happy hours, and heard so many glorious truths—and that church-yard, where so many beloved objects reposed, was converted by the epicure and the sensualist into—A PRESERVE! The poor have feelings—strong feelings—acute feelings. They admit the sacredness of the precept—'disturb not the dead.' They are most unwilling that the ashes of the departed should be molested; and, wishing their own remains to be quiet and undisturbed, they endeavour to keep those of others inviolate. Our fathers, mothers, sisters, all, that when living, were dearest to us upon earth, slept in that church-yard. And there, we trusted, when *our* race was run, to lie down beside them, in 'sure and certain hope' of a joyful re-union on the morning of the resurrection. . . . Never shall I forget the distress which prevailed at Riversdale at that period. Never shall I forget the countenances that watched the enclosure while this abominable proceeding was in progress. Many a father and brother looked on with lightening eye, clenched fist, and knitted brow; many a mother and sister stood by the while, shedding bitter but unavailing tears. The work of desolation was now complete. The

* Query "*Surreptitiously?*"

spoiler came, and looked around him, and was satisfied. 'At last, then, I shall be to myself! It has cost me some trouble; but who would submit to be subjected, week after week, and year after year, to such interruption and impertinence? Well, well, I shall be annoyed no more! A pretty set of scoundrels to contend with the Patron of the Living and Lord of the Manor! However, it is finished; and now for other scenes.'

WITHIN THE NEXT HOUR HE WAS A CORPSE! Unhappy man; his last words were prophecy! He "*was annoyed no more.*" He "*was left to himself*"—ay even before he was well nigh cold—by those very menials who had so gladly ministered to his folly and extravagance. It "*was finished.*" His opportunities of becoming wiser and better—the space allowed him for repentance and reformation—the period granted him in mercy to prepare for eternity—all were "*finished*"—over—gone. Those "*other scenes;*" ah who can follow him there?"

It appears that having attained his object, nay, having witnessed its final completion, he had ordered the carriage, intending to proceed to Bath. The carriage came round; his servants entered the room, and found him on the floor—dead! "I am not superstitious," continued the narrator, "but I cannot help regarding his death, so sudden and unexpected, as a judgment; as an expression of the Almighty's indignation. True, it is not for man to measure the mysterious dispensations of the Deity; but surely it is not repugnant to scripture to suppose that God Almighty would mark, with his signal displeasure, that rash and guilty being who should doom to destruction and profanation his holy temple for the gross and paltry gratification of vanity or appetite."

Teusday, Sept. 5.—I am neither easy nor satisfied respecting Fanny Cooper. She is by no means making that progress I could wish or expect: she

weeps and trembles, but makes no allusion to a future state of being; is silent whenever I lead the conversation to that point, and listens without remark to those passages in the Gospel which so sublimely proclaim the world beyond the grave. There is, there must be, something strangely defective in her religious principles. I will ascertain to morrow.

Wednesday, Sept. 6.—My worst fears are confirmed. She has a lurking disbelief of Revelation. Her husband, not content with corrupting her innocency and wrecking her peace, has endeavoured to betray her to perdition. It appears that he is connected with a Free Thinking Club, at Trowbridge; that, I give his own words, "Paine and Palmer have completely set him to rights on many points." He admits that there is some great superintending Power which governs and sustains the world, but rejects the doctrine of the Resurrection; denies the existence of any future state of rewards and punishments; and believes that man at his death becomes a mere clod of the valley! With this desperate and dreadful creed he endeavoured to infect his poor heart-broken wife; and partially succeeded. "Why, then, send for me?" I inquired, when, after infinite difficulty, I had extracted this confession. "BECAUSE, SIR, I WAS AFRAID AFTER ALL THAT THE GOSPEL MIGHT BE TRUE!" What a volume of meaning; what a comment on the terrors of Infidelity is contained in those few words: "She was AFRAID the Gospel might be true." "It's very fine what George tells me; but yet it's poor consolation for a dying bed." I was more shocked, more pained, at this disclosure than I am able to describe. It was a protracted and melancholy visit. I brought before her the strongest arguments for Revelation that presented themselves to my mind at the moment, and took my leave;—promising to send her some books, with marked passages, in the evening. I fear it is too late; she is

sinking rapidly; and how can I expect to counteract and conquer, in a few hours, the impression which has been gradually made upon her mind by the discipline of many months? "Be THOU my helper!"

Thursday and Friday, Sept 7 and 8.—We are, I trust, making way. But disease, disease is at work; and her intellect is enfeebled, and her memory impaired. I fear. I fear. And are these the scenes at which a Minister can be fitted to discharge his duty towards his God, and to do justice to his flock, by aught else but frequent meditation, serious reflection, and earnest prayer? Are the frivolous and ever recurring amusements of an empty and unsatisfying world, suited to *him* who may be called on at a moment's warning to stand by the bed of death; to listen to the wailings of remorse; to soften the obdurate sinner; to comfort the desponding penitent; or to combat the terrors and the doubts of Infidelity?

Tuesday, Sept. 12.—Fanny Cooper still lives. For the last four days I have been steadily pursuing that course which I deemed suited to her case. Passages from Watson, Rennell, Clarke, Paley, and Porteus have been successfully read to her, and I trust with effect. The arguments which we have met with in these and other authors have been many and striking. Her mind appears, however, to have been most forcibly impressed by the following: The present is a very imperfect state of moral government;—we see constantly vice triumphant and virtue in distress;—we see fraud and violence crowned with affluence and prosperity, while "injured innocence sinks into the grave and quickly fades out of remembrance." Such a state of being, if it were the *only* and *final* state allotted to man, would be utterly irreconcileable with the moral attributes of the Deity. We know that God is a holy, just, and righteous being. We are satisfied that he abhors

vice; that he approves virtue. The present world then is not the only world in which man will dwell: there is a state beyond it—a state where all these apparent deviations will be rectified, and inconsistencies explained—a state where the righteous will be rewarded, and where the wicked will be punished. I explained to her, that matter was not perishable. True; we may alter its forms, but we cannot annihilate its existence. There is not an atom of matter more or less now in the world than there was on the morning of the Creation. We die; our earthly tenement is decomposed; it moulders into its parent earth;—yet there is not a particle less than when we ourselves were in the full vigour of existence: there is still the same proportion of matter, but in a new form. "For instance, was I to die to-morrow, and were you to plant a mountain ash upon my grave, as it advanced to maturity, my earthly remains, changed by time, and no longer confined by the mouldered coffin, would nourish the tree which grew above them; they would again live in its roots, its branches, its leaves, and fruit. When you admired its crimson berries you would admire only the relics of mortality in a new form; and the thrush which might feed upon those berries, and sing in the evening from its branches, would probably owe some of the brilliancy of its song to matter which once belonged to me. If, then, not a particle of matter ever perishes; if man is unable to destroy one single solitary atom; think you that God will permit the soul to be annihilated? that soul which is the noblest of all his works; that soul which is so grand in its conceptions, so magnificent in its desires, ever thirsting after knowledge, ever aspiring after immortality?"—I pointed out to her the transitory and imperfect state of man, as compared with the brute creation: animals speedily arrive at the degree of perfection necessary for the purposes for which they

were designed; they continue their species and die. The mind of man, on the contrary, is in perpetual progression: he, himself, is constantly cut down in a state of immaturity and imperfection. With the noblest plans before him; with the most virtuous projects unfinished; in all the youthful promise of his days; he is summoned from the scene. Here, at the most, his desires can never be gratified. Here he cannot become perfect even in one science. He adds a little, a very little, to the discoveries of his predecessors; and then leaves the rest to those that shall succeed him. Surely, surely we may then infer that man is destined for another state;—a state where every virtue shall ripen into maturity; where every noble project will be carried into effect; where the thirst for knowledge will be quenched at the parent-spring.

Sunday, Sept. 17.—"But," said she to me this morning, "the doctrine of the Resurrection is so wonderful, so surprising, so unaccountable, so unnatural!" "There are many operations of nature," was my reply, "quite as wonderful, as surprising, as unaccountable, and as unnatural. It is the frequency of their occurrence which deprives them of their force. Look here," said I, and pointed to a beautiful Bignonia, which was blowing luxuriantly in the window; "that very flower shall teach you a lesson. To me it appears so striking and so lovely a symbol of the change that awaits the Christian, that I never can look at it without gladness of heart. A few months since it was a small, dry, shrivelled root, without taste or smell, no bigger than a nut. Who, viewing it for the *first* time, would imagine it possible that such a dusky, diminutive particle, would produce a flower? By and by a leaf appears, another follows; then comes a stalk, its bulk increases rapidly; a shoot is visible, another, and another; at length the stem, then the flower is de-

veloped, and blooms in wild luxuriance. It is now at its meridian. It will shortly shed its flowers, and droop, and wither, and gradually die away: *but* only to undergo the same mysterious operation, and revive with increased beauty in a succeeding spring. Turn to an egg. Who would conceive, *to* that simple, unpretending-looking object, by the simple operation of heat, vitality could be communicated; or *from* that smooth surface would burst an animal fledged and formed, furnished with all the appliances of existence,—and instinct with life and motion? These are, in my opinion, operations of the Deity but little inferior to the resurrection of the dead; as wonderful, as surprising, as unaccountable. Why, then, should we doubt that the Power which has performed the one can perform the other? Inspect nature herself. She is an annual resurrection Year after year does she typify to man his own frail fleeting existence, his maturity, his decay, his decease, his immortality. Winter is the death of nature: the woods are silent; the trees are divested of their foliage; the meadows are no longer green —no blossom, no flower appears;—look where we will all is desolation and decay. It is nature in her sepulchre. Anon she bursts the cerements of the tomb; the Divinity breathes upon her face; the gales of spring awake her to existence; and welcome sunbeams, and budding flowers, and smiling skies proclaim the resurrection of the year! Such is the magnificent spectacle constantly presented to man—cold, heartless, insensible man. And with such striking proofs of the resurrection of nature; O! how can we, for one moment, doubt the truth of our own?"

Monday, Sept. 25.—I have been diverted this morning almost against my will. A poor woman came to me from Trowbridge to request my interference with the Secretary of a Benefit Club to

which her husband belonged, and from which, though disabled by disease, he could obtain no relief. After some preliminary conversation, I observed, "You are very fortunate at Trowbridge, in having for your Minister so celebrated and so gifted an individual as Mr. Crabbe." "It's in what that I'm fortunate?" asked she, with her sharp, blue, interrogatory nose. "In the ministry of a man so justly famed as Mr. Crabbe." "Ah! Mr. Crabbe! You've heard of him, I dare say; he's a great *Pote*. Perhaps you've read his books of verses? I never did; I haven't time. They say he's made a mint of money by his *Potery*. I'm sure it's more than he'll ever make by his sermons. They are so very d—r—y:" and she pursed up her thin, spare, skinny lips till her mouth was like the top of a vinegar cruet. "Besides he is so stiff and solemn; no life in him."

"Well but that does not affect the matter of his sermons."

"Oh! ah! He's a great scholar, I dare say. Too much learning by far for me; for I can't understand him half my time. There was a sermon he preached us, all about the Queen of Sheba—very fine, I make no doubt—I'm sure there was'nt one word in ten that I ever heard before! Then it's nothing but question and answer. Quite provoking! I said to him one day, it's a shame for your reverence to stand up in the pulpit and put question after question, when you know it's an *unpossible* thing for any poor creature to get up and give an answer to ye. It's all on one side, as a body may say. You have it all your own way.—Ay—ay, it's very well for the great folks in London: but poor creatures so illiterate about their future state as I am, would'nt care if they was never to hear again one of your *Pote* Parsons."

Wednesday, Sept. 27.—Poor Fanny Cooper is

gone ! This busy—selfish—delusive world has closed upon her for ever ! During my three last visits she seemed more happy and more resigned—strengthened in her religious sentiments—and reconciled to her early death. She appeared, too, to have conquered in a great measure "her dread of dying." She became weaker and weaker; the memory less tenacious—the body more feeble. Still I had hopes that all would be bright at last; and was, I trust, active in suggesting all that appeared to me to be suited to her case, and earnest in my prayers to be properly directed. Towards the close, however, her terrors and her doubts returned. The demon of infidelity would not so easily abandon his hold on his victim. By her own request I was with her at the last; read to her, and prayed with her. After a long interval I once more alluded to the promises of the Gospel;—and in reference to those sacred and solemn subjects which had occupied us during our three last conferences, expressed my hope that we should resume and continue these glorious themes in another and a brighter world. "Ah"—said she, as the breath left her lips for ever—"if—if—there be one."

Sunday, October 2.—Fanny Cooper was buried this day. She sleeps in our still and quiet churchyard till the trump of the Archangel shall summon her to hear her doom. It is awful to read the sublime and thrilling service of our Church over those for whose eternal destiny we tremble—to feel that the door of mercy has closed upon them on earth —and to fear that they have failed to make their peace with Heaven. Say not ye, then, who are so anxious that the tide of infidelity should overflow our happy isle—say not that the promulgation of the doctrine of a future state was the chief end and object of the New Testament. No such thing ! It can be proved without it. It is the doctrine of ages

—the doctrine of experience—a doctrine which can be established by the exercise of reason alone. Think not that by rejecting the authenticity of the Bible, and discrediting the mission of Christ, you will get rid of the immortality of the soul and the certainty of a future state. You will utterly fail in your object. By denying the truths of Christianity you will not free yourself from the certainty of another state of existence. It was a doctrine believed, accepted, established long before the New Testament was written. Had Jesus never visited the world—had the prophets never been inspired—had the resurrection never occurred, and the prophecies never been fulfilled—still man would have been a moral agent. He would still have been subject to the will of his Creator;—he would still have been an *accountable* being. By denying, then, the truths of Christianity, and renouncing her salutary restraints, you will not benefit yourselves in the remotest degree; you will not escape the awful retribution which awaits the guilty; you will not diminish one iota of your own fearful responsibility. If the New Testament had been from beginning to end a forgery—if Moses had been the chief of impostors—the apostles a string of charlatons, and Jesus an arrant enthusiast—still the doctrine of a future state of existence is a reasonable doctrine. It stands apart, alone, distinct, and independent of revelation; and can be proved to be true by the use of reason alone, had the Redeemer never preached, and the Prophets never spoken.

Thursday, Nov. 3.—I am concerned to record the death of Miss Eunice Kick. This melancholy event took place at an early hour this morning. I am afraid it is a species of *felo de se.* Her enemies, indeed, roundly assert that she killed herself; while her intimate friends as strenuously maintain that she was only "accessary to the fact." Truth lies be-

tween. Miss Kick was a female quack. She was the greatest patroness of patent medicines in the village; and prescribed with singular readiness for all complaints, classes, ages, and conditions, "St. James's Powder"—"Widow Welch's Pills"—"Daffy's Elixir"—and "Dalby's Carminative:"—she could "*speak from experience*" to the virtues of them *all!* At last she fell ill herself. Medical advice was called in; but after some consideration, Miss Eunice "was satisfied she understood the treatment of her complaint" better than her doctor. Mr. Ravenscreech was of course dismissed. Miss Kick undertook the management of her own case—consulted Buchan's Vade Mecum—and died three days afterward. After all there was no such great mistake! She merely inserted in the prescription mercury for magnesia! Peace to her memory: she was a bustling woman; and will be much missed at the Sunday School, where she put every class into confusion. She has bequeathed—so Miss Goggs informs me—the sum of twenty guineas, to this her favourite charity; and a further sum of two guineas, annually, to that girl who shall pass the best examination at Christmas—to be expended in appropriate clothing. The successful candidate to be called "the Kick Scholar."

Sunday, Dec. 4.—After a severe fit of illness, once more able to get to church—once more permitted to join in public prayer and praise! O! I do love the sober, chastened, social worship of the Church of England! I exult in the idea, that the same prayers and praises—in the same words—are offered, not improbably, at the same hour, with the same faith, by ten thousand tongues to the same God and Father of all. And what a form of prayer is ours! In some of the aspirations it contains, the first disciples poured out the sorrows of their hearts to God. Its brief but comprehensive ejaculations

have trembled on the lips of many a dying martyr: and who would not wish to join in those psalms and hymns which upon earth revived the hopes and refreshed the piety of those intrepid spirits whose eyes are now fixed upon the visible glory of God and the Lamb! Ah, dead indeed must he be to the finest associations which can affect the mind, whose devotion is not animated by the idea that *their* voices are in concert with ours when they sing the song of the Redeemed.

Sunday Evening, Dec. 11.—I have preached my last sermon; my career of duty is closed; and I am about to quit my little, quiet, united parish for ever. Let me analyze my feelings. I find them to be a mixture of anxiety and regret. Have I done my duty to the very best of my ability? Have I prayed to be directed and supported from above? Can I look back upon this scene of my labours with tranquil composure, and forward to the great day of account with humble hope? This has been my first parish; and though the discharge of my duties has been accompanied by errors and imperfections—omissions and neglect—what would be my feelings were I sure it would be my last?

Eighteen months ago and I——There is something awfully impressive in the rapid and perpetual flow of time. To eternity the stream is ever tending as a river to the ocean. Individuals—families—nations—float for an instant upon its surface; and are speedily borne away to that absorbing gulf whose dimensions no eye can measure, and over whose misty surface no wreck is seen.

> Eheu! fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
> Labuntur anni:

Ah, Horace! fascinating is thy style and flowing are thy numbers, but—there is no "Eheu" for the CHRISTIAN!

SERMONIZING.

"A man may render himself ridiculous with little or no difficulty."

Brinsley Sheridan.

SERMONIZING.

I REMEMBER when I was a boy—drawling over the first Eclogue with my stiff and solemn tutor—seeing a young clergyman to whom I was much attached, rush into the room, exclaiming, with a face of horror, "I have just been made Sheriff's Chaplain—the Judges enter the town to-morrow—on the following morning I have to preach before them an assize sermon—and I am allowed for preparation—eight and forty hours! Gracious heavens, I could as soon write a birth-day ode! My dear Dr. Drybones take compassion upon a poor miserable mortal. Tell me where I can beg, borrow, or steal a sermon, for one I must have, be the consequence what it may." Now this very young man had taken a high mathematical honour at his university; was allowed to be a profound reasoner, and in no slight degree conversant with general science; and I could not for my life conceive how a clergyman, with such advantages, should complain of being unable to compose, within a given interval, a sermon fit for any judge or jury.

Time and reflection, however, have materially altered my opinion. It is not such an easy task to write a sermon so unexceptionable in point of doctrine, style, and argument, as to satisfy a mind fully awake to the importance and solemnity of the subject. If we reflect that there may be those before us, whom a long and dreary wandering in the paths of guilt has made strangers in the house of God—the libertine and the profligate; those who may be worshipping their Maker for the last time—the aged and the diseased; those who were never in his courts

before—the deist and the free thinker; how anxious shall we be that our every effort may breathe the very spirit of vital religion—may teach the necessity of a Saviour—may dwell on the privileges of a believer.

Yet it is not always the man who has received the most finished education, or who is blessed with the finest parts, that makes the most useful parish priest. I well remember a brother curate who had been a prize-man at Oxford, could write a most elegant copy of Latin verses, had an unquestionable taste for poetry, and was famed for his classical style; whose sermons to a most ignorant, and certainly amazed, congregation were little short of *blank verse!*

In a parish bordering on mine the curate happened to be a man of an antiquarian turn, a friend and protégé of Sir Richard Coalt Hoare, and a constant contributor to Sylvanus Urban. He resolved to adventure upon an unbeaten track, and preached seven sermons successively on suicide! I have no doubt his exertions were well meant, for he was a young man of a most amiable disposition, but the event was sadly memorable. Two of his congregation, a very few days afterwards, rushed into the presence of their Maker, with all that fearful precipitancy, against which he had so energetically warned them.

My immediate predecessor in the curacy had been, what is termed, "a deep preacher." A lady, who was his constant auditor and warm admirer, alarmed me not a little on our first acquaintance, by the following extraordinary eulogium. She was in many respects a sensible well-informed woman; and her description of Mr. Whitelock by no means tended to lessen the uneasiness which I felt on taking possession of the parish. "Ah, Sir, *he* was indeed a wonderful preacher, so surprisingly deep, so beautifully mysterious! It rejoiced my heart to hear him. In-

deed, in his sermons it took you very considerable pains to follow him. In fact there were some which it was days and days before I could understand: and there was one discourse, I shall never forget it, which he preached upon the Trinity, which was really quite incomprehensible."

But there are two or three other classes, which one occasionally lights upon in this very droll world, which deserve to be put on record. They may be divided into the "Skeletons," the "Pioneers," and the "Wanderers," and possess this common characteristic, that they belong to a style and a school, which better taste and better feeling are hourly diminishing, and which will very soon cease to exist.

To this first class belonged my dear old mathematical master, who, in my early days, spared no exertions to put Six Books of Euclid into brains which were but ill fitted to receive them. He was a simple-hearted, lenient, mild, old man, and died like a hero! His mathematics cost him his life. He had wandered out alone on the Dawlish Sands, and, pursuing a train of abstruse calculation, had proceeded beyond "the Parson and Clerk." Lost in a mathematical reverie, he sat him down on a rock, unconscious that the tide would speedily surround it. Ocean, who perhaps owed him a grudge, or thought he would furnish a delicate morsel for Amphitrite, resolved to surprise him. He sat—and wrote—and mused—and meditated—till the waves dashed over him. Then awaking from his fit of abstraction, he jumped up from the rock, and jumped into the water. Whether the weight of his problems was too much for him, or the contents of his head overbalanced his heels, cannot now be determined; but this much is certain—he waved his wig thrice, and then—

"Sunk in a billow."

His papers proved, on inspection, that in the lengthened exercise of his ministerial office, he had been wholly dependent upon the labours of others. In a word, he had been all his life a "Skeleton." In spite of a decided turn for calculation, and a thorough acquaintance with mathematical science, I am persuaded that had his elevation to the Bench depended on his ability to write ten pages of original matter, he would instantly have resigned all pretensions to the honour. The contents of his escritoire bear out my assertion. He had filled up in large staring text, and regularly preached, three volumes of Benson's "Plans of Sermons and Hints for Sermons." Miss Hawkins's "Sermonets," with considerable amplifications, and not a little repetition, had formed a summer stock; and these, from the well worn pages, brown tint, and faded ink, appeared to have been especial favourites. We next lighted upon "Gilpin's Hints for Short Sermons," with every sentiment embodied and every idea expressed; and were congratulating ourselves on the close of our search, when a mountain of manuscript caught our eye. It was five volumes of "Simeon's Skeletons," successively filled up, and successively preached. Indefatigable labourer! he had actually arrived at the last sermon but four in the sixth volume, when death so abruptly terminated his career.

The next class, "the Pioneers," are still more indolent, and almost as amusing. To this division belongs a most hospitable friend of mine, the rector of A——, near Dawlish, Devon. There are a few to whom he would yield in activity and benevolence as a parish priest; and none in integrity as a man. His library is remarkable for what it *wants*. On my first visit to the parsonage I was in the habit of continually referring to the volumes in his study; but take down what author I would from his shelves, by no chance whatever could I find what I wanted: Ma-

turin, Matthews, Gisborne, Benson, and Rennell—all were in a state of spoliation. After hunting for an hour through five different divines with the same success, the spleen of the moment overcame me: "Either your bookseller is a thorough knave, or you are most unfortunate in your purchases. Be that as it may—you have not one perfect volume of divinity in your possession. Look here, my dear Sir: three of Matthews's best sermons are gone; Maturin's happiest efforts—'Reasons for Preferring the Communion of the Church of England,' and, 'The Prodigal Son'—are wanting; poor Gisborne is actually a skeleton; Benson is almost in the same plight; of Dehon, thirty pages are missing; and this posthumous volume of Rennell, only just published, is actually without the third, ninth, and eleventh discourses. It is really past bearing. Do let me take them back with me to Exeter, and deal with your iniquitous bibliopolist as he deserves."

"Hem. Why? What! Eh? Be calmer. Gilbert Dyer is not to blame. The fact is, my dear E., in a parish like mine, I have no leisure for composition. I am constantly pressed for time; and—and—and in reading writing my sight begins to fail me. I am, therefore, in the habit of—of—of selecting from some favourite author a sermon which I think will suit my congregation, and of taking it with me in my black book into the pulpit. It's the easiest thing in the world. To cut it out of the volume with my penknife is an affair of five minutes; and a parenthesis or two in pencil as speedily curtails it to the patience of my congregation."

I stood aghast: and was unable to suppress my amazement at the novelty of the confession, or the boldness of the experiment. "Ah, you are a mere novice! You are young"—he was about to add foolish, but softened it into—"and inexperienced. Look here. What can be more simple? I cut off

the running title, so; clip close the margin, thus; place it between the leaves of a manuscript sermon; —and who will pretend to detect the difference? With common prudence, I will defy the glances of the most inquisitive old maid, or the scrutiny of the most projecting Gallery. Spare me that look of virtuous indignation; it is quite unnecessary. Ten years hence you will do the same. Nay; now don't be angry. I know all you are about to say; and it is very pretty, and independent, and ardent, and enthusiastic *now*; but when you have been thirty years in the church, you will be tired of drawing upon your own brains, and be glad to avail yourself of those of other people."

"And printer's ink as well?"

"Yes; printer's ink as well. It is an excellent substitute for manuscript, when your hand shakes with age, and your eyes are sore with reading."

The third and last class is the "Wanderers." Their principle seems to be that of exchange: as A is to B, so is B to C, and C to D. I saw, a very few months since, a poor, unhappy set of sermons—they really deserved better treatment, for both in style and matter they were admirable—which had been roving all over the country. They appeared to have been incessantly upon their travels for the last seven years. They were shown to me as a curiosity; and from the various dates and memoranda which they contained, I thought them fairly entitled to the appellation. Take a sample.

"Preached at Oundle, Northamptonshire;" "at Ilfracombe, Devonshire." The series then it appears went abroad: "Preached at the Ambassador's Chapel at Florence." Here there was a minute made of the attention of Lord and Lady Burghersh. They next visited Scotland: "Preached at intervals at the Episcopal Chapel, Glasgow, during the confinement from the gout of my very worthy friend

the Rev. Mr. Routledge." This was written in a stiff, precise, old-fashioned hand, by, I could fancy, some venerable and friendly ecclesiastic, who was very particular, and loved details. Another continental trip;—the next memorandum, flourished off in a fine free hand, ran thus: "Preached at Stutgard." Where I met with them I cannot divulge. It may be sufficient to say, that they were delivering with great effect, and were making the impression they deserved.

But alas! they were not exempt from the common lot of mortality. Excellent as they were, the ravages of age and decay were but too visible. The hospitable old veteran to whom they belonged—*for the time being*—told me, with an expression of the deepest concern, "I have been egregiously duped. Eleven out of the three dozen are *past work*;—they are literally *preached out*—quite worn down. It's very provoking, for they are the very best in the set. But I dare not use them; for I fear they would come in pieces as I turned them over in the pulpit."

My three classes are so general that they will admit of some subdivisions. It was a saying of Miss Smith, sister to the present Marchioness of Northampton—kind, good, chairitable, eccentric creature; devoted to the arts, and ever on the ramble; the last thing I heard of her was that she was going to join the Greeks;—it was her decided opinion, that "a clergyman's stock of sermons had no need to be large. The body," she observed, "of five hundred sermons might be the *very indentical*; and as sermons are attended to and remembered *now-a-days*, who would discover it? All you have to do, is to fit on, cleverly, a new head-piece and crupper, a fresh text and conclusion. The middle, though six months old, will do as well as ever. There is only one rock on which you can make shipwreck;—be sure that you have no WHITE BEAR."

There appears to me to be both truth and originalty in the remark. I am sure I have met with sermons, in endless variety, both in the church and closet, in which there was nothing like a "white bear"—nothing like one striking idea or impressive reflection;—and I am mistaken if the majority of my readers cannot call to mind many discourses, smoothly written and pleasingly delivered, whose sentiments, style, diction, subject, and application left as much impression behind them as water spilt on sand, or the course of a ship through the ocean.

One lights, too, occasionally upon clergymen who are never satisfied with clothing their ideas in a plain, every day dress; they must always appear in holy-day garb. Now of all unhappy attempts an unfortunate simile in the worst. A fellow-labourer of mine, who was never easy but when indulging in figurative language, received a very practical cure: while serving the church of a very retired and homely parish, he introduced the observation, "he that wishes to read his Bible with profit must read it on his knees." The sentiment, though not sufficiently definite, was well meant;—it was expressive of that humilty of heart, that submission of spirit, which should characterize the Christian inquirer while engaged upon the Word of his God. Very soon afterwards, I give the story from his own lips, on going his village rounds, he found four decrepid old objects in such a ludicrous and helpless position, from the literal manner in which they had understood and practised his injunction, as cured him, for life, of dealing in tropes and figures, when addressing a country congregation.

Nor can I pass over a class of grammarians who have a rooted attachment to words of the most unmerciful length. I have heard before now from the pulpit, some such melancholy combinations as these—"A heterogeneous mixture of avarice and ambition"——"the fields of nonentity"—"hours of aberration

and days of mental abstraction"—"that omnipotent ubiquity so characteristic of the Deity"—and it is but fair I should mention a lesson which was given on this head to myself and by which I trust I have profited in after life.

I had in my second sermon which was preached in a simple quiet country village, used the term "philosophic Christians." How it had got there, I have never till this moment been able to ascertain; but there it was. I had finished my duty, and was quietly returning home through the fields, when I heard voices high in dispute very near me. A hedge separated me from the speakers on one side: a stream cut off my retreat on the other. In this state of "durance vile," I endeavoured by coughs and other signals to convince them they had an auditor. In vain: they were too busily engaged to attend to any thing but themselves. Myself and my sermon it appears were under review.

"I don't like the text—too short; besides, I never heard it before—and I don't think it's in the Bible. I love a nice, long, hard text, seven—eight—nine—ten verses."

"Well—well—but what d'ye think of the sermon?"—"Why I made it all out pretty fairly, except what he said about '*Philosophy* Christians.'" "Phi-lo-so-phic Christians, you mean," said the other in a tone of well-bred surprise. I was sure from its shrill, sharp pitch, that it came from the oracle of the village.

"Well, then, Philosophic Christians," replied the pupil of seventy, "I've heard of false Christians—and faltering Christians—and professing Christians—and nominal Christians—and carnally-minded Christians:—but never did I hear afore of Philosophy Christians." "John Gubbins, you've no head," rejoined the oracle, "*I* will tell you (the words came out with a swell) their precise meaning; and

you will then perceive the incalculable advantages of being highly educated. Phi-lo-so-phic Christians are neither more nor less than this. They be THE Christians in them there foreign parts which they say this little gentleman came from." "And what care we about them?" responded the magnanimous Gubbins.

It is clear, I think, that the preaching which will do good must be simple preaching—preaching which all can feel and all can undestand. Yet I am by no means prepared to go the length of those who assert that every sentence in a sermon ought to be intelligible to the meanest capacity in the congregation. It is, I think, possible for a discourse to have a very powerful effect, and to leave a most serious and lasting impression, although a sentence here and there may have been indistinctly understood, and the precise meaning of a quotation somewhat misconceived. It is indisputable on the other hand that long, flowing sentences, which the poorer classes cannot easily follow—elaborate allusions which they cannot easily catch—and learned comparisons with which they are not familiar—however elegant and appropriate in a discourse addressed to an academic audience, are sadly out of place in a general pulpit.

The preaching, I must confess, which I admire, is preaching to the heart; that which alarms the conscience—comes home to the feelings—arouses the understanding—excites inquiry. I have long been persuaded that there is nothing which more frequently cramps the energies of the young clergyman, than the dread of being called "Evangelical." It is a vampire which hovers over the youthful aspirant after extensive usefulness, and too often effects the ruin of all that is excellent in thought and energetic in practice. Now if being "Evangelical" means being Calvinistic—if it is synonymous with holding the narrow, bigotted creed of election, and

preaching doctrines which are fatal to morality—if it is being tainted with that unscriptural leaven which renders man a mere puppet, and Christianity a system of all others the best calculated to encourage the confident hypocrite, and drive modest virtue to despair: against such a creed, no one can protest more loudly and sincerely than myself. But if being evangelical is to preach with fervour and with earnestness—to press the subject home to the hearts of our hearers—to lead a life that harmonizes with the holy functions we have assumed—to visit, not by fits and starts, but regularly and assiduously, the afflicted, the dying, and the diseased—to make our own parish the sphere of our usefulness and the theatre of our fame—and to exhibit some degree of self-denial towards the vanities and amusements of a busy and a thoughtless world:—then I think it high time the appellation should be abandoned as a stigma of reproach.

But I quarrel with the term. I think it a most unjust and illiberal application of an epithet to a *part* of the Establishment, which may fairly be claimed by the *whole*. I believe, with the late lamented and highly-gifted Rennell, that "the Church of England is an Evangelical Church;—here's a religion that dares to be understood; that not only challenges, but rests upon inquiry. Her belief and her practice are truly evangelical. Whatever she hath done in word or deed, she hath done all in the name of the Lord Jesus."*

The fact is, a mighty change has been achieved, and is gradually achieving, in the Church of England. We are still, indeed, at times, accused by in-

* See "A Sermon preached in the Cathedral Church of Salisbury at an Ordination of the Lord Bishop of Salisbury." It will be found in a volume alas! of *posthumous* Sermons, published by Rivingtons, 1825.

——— "The good die first:
And they whose hearts are dry as summer's dust
Burn to the socket."

terested adversaries of sloth and negligence, of carelessness and indifference; but the charge has been transferred from times that deserved it to times that do not. The clergy of the present day feel that something more is required than merely pulpit exertions;—that the private labours of the parish priest are as essential as the public ministrations of the gifted orator. They have come to the wise conclusion, that their preaching, to be effectual, must accord with their profession; and that it will little avail them to excite feelings of admiration and surprise in their congregation from the pulpit, unless they can carry their hearts along with them when they leave it.*

From these convictions, a spirit of energy and zeal, tempered with sound discretion, is now rapidly spreading through the Establishment. And if this spirit, so congenial to Christianity and so characteristic of the Gospel, be but encouraged and cherished, it may perhaps be for *us* to prove to our successors, that dissent has reached its zenith.

Happy are they who can offer the first fruits of their youth and their talents on the altar of their God. For my own part, I can conceive no office more noble than that of a Christian Minister. The triumphs of successful legislation may adorn the statesman—the laurels of conquest may wreathe proudly around the brow of the victor—but the Christian Minister may boast of acquisitions more

* Some of my readers may probably have heard either at his own living or in the Cathedral of Winchester, the Rev. Mr. Harrison, Vicar of Fareham. Now Mr. Harrison is a preacher that the Church may be proud of. He preaches—as every clergyman ought to do—in earnest; and his sermons possess these striking characteristics, that they uniformly present clear and scriptural views of Christianity—well digested—and well delivered. But to see him jump up in the pulpit the moment he has concluded the blessing—flourish a little white handkerchief—bow and smile to "the chosen few"—and wave his little flag to all parts of the compass—arouses a feeling which should ever be banished from a place of worship. It is not only droll, but absolutely diverting.

important than the one, and more permanent than the other. He may be buried in an obscure and impoverished parish—his circle may be narrow—his enjoyments few—his relaxations sparing—but his name will be precious to those whom he has comforted in affliction, soothed in suffering, and cheered in death. Nor is this all. His memory will ever be affectionately cherished by those who reverence in him the instrument of their eternal salvation.

At that awful moment when he is called to bid a final adieu to the world, and look into eternity—when the hopes, fears, and agitations which sublunary objects shall have occasioned will subside like a feverish dream or a vision of the night—the conviction of having endeavoured to enlarge the kingdom of the Redeemer and augment the number of the saved, will be a cordial that nothing human can supply or destroy.

It will be his to view with a contented smile the shifting panorama of this world's enjoyments; and to anticipate the glories of those heavenly regions, "where they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that have turned many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

MR. BENSON.

"The WAY of every man is declarative of the end of that man."

Cecil's Remains.

"I look upon a good parish priest as the most Godlike character in the world."

Knox's Essays.

MR. BENSON.

No—no—the day of the Church of England is not over. Her sun may be shrouded, but cannot be set, when Mr. Benson is understood and appreciated. His reception in London, his buoyant popularity, and the crowded appearance of his church, are delightful to all who are interested in the success of ardent but rational piety. The triumph, too, of such a man as Benson, in this age of over-excitement, and under the circumstances which preceded his taking possession of a London pulpit, is as extraordinary as it is exhilarating. He was instituted to the rectory of St. Giles's, during the zenith of Mr. Irving's popularity; and actually contrived to succeed to it, although he could lay no claim to the attitudes of a mountebank—or the gestures of a madman—was under six feet—and dressed his hair in a decent and every-day kind of manner.—He is, in a word, the very antipodes to Mr. Irving. Keeping clear of every thing like pretension—avoiding the slightest symptom of empiricism—rejecting, in the most unqualified manner, the shrug, the whine, the grimace—and declining to have recourse, even under the most tempting circumstances, to stage effect or *clap-trap*—the rector of St. Giles's is as striking and happy a contrast to the Caledonian orator, as the Church of England could desire. The one

would drive you to Heaven—the other leads you; the one describes man as he ought to be—the other insists upon his becoming what he never, under any circumstances, can be. It is far from being my wish to say any thing illiberal or unjust towards a man of such unquestionable talents as Mr. Irving; yet I never entered his chapel, and listened attentively to his sermon, without coming away with the reflection, "how different what I heard was from what I read! I do not mean in doctrine, with which, at present, I have no concern, but in manner; how different from the calmness, the sobriety, the good sense, and, I may add, the strength and authority of our Lord's discourses."*

There is another circumstance, connected with Mr. Benson's elevation, far too gratifying and too memorable to be slightly noticed. It is a charge frequently made, and very readily repeated, that in the church every thing yields to interest; but in what professions are powerful connexions and family influence not available? Examine the ornaments of the bar; search the army—the navy; and see what a pointed introduction to a judge—a fortunate connexion with a general—or family claims upon a Lord of the Admiralty have been known to achieve. Then turn to the Establishment, and state, candidly and fairly, how large a proportion of our bishops, our deans, and our dignitaries, owe their advancement to a union of cultivated talents, well-directed industry, and unimpeachable character.

Among these very numerous instances, the subject of the present paper may be included. He is the son of a most respectable solicitor at Cockermouth; was sent, at an early period of life, to Cambridge, and entered at Trinity College. At this magnificent college he graduated in 1809, but took *no honour*. It is singular, that neither Benson nor

* Paley.

Clarke arrived at any thing beyond mediocrity,* in the stated studies of the University. They both appear to have been admired and esteemed;—the one for his social qualities and rare conversational powers —the other for his moral excellence and private worth; but neither seem to have given any promise of their future fame. We search in vain for Benson's name as a prizeman, even on his own peculiar and favourite subject; yet it would be difficult to name two individuals who have reflected greater credit on their University. Dr. Clarke's claim to genius—genius of the highest order, of the most varied kind, and consecrated to the noblest purposes—who is prepared to deny? His energy and enterprise as a traveller—his accuracy and industry as an author—were only surpassed by his ability as a professor. As a lecturer, where shall we find his equal? To fix the capricious attention of the youthful student—to clothe his subject in the most perspicuous language, and adorn it with the happiest illustrations—to turn from the veins in a pebble to the proofs of the Being of a God—to deduce from the consideration of a bed of strata some direct and striking testimony to the authenticity of scripture—to surprise the mind, engaged in the dullest and driest mineralogical details, into the noblest aspirations after God and goodness; and this without the slightest appearance of affectation or effort, and while the glow of genius was irradiating one of the finest and most expressive countenances with which man was ever gifted;—were traits in his character as a public instructer, which those who attended his lectures have often witnessed, though they may not be able to describe.

But to return to Mr. Benson. His chance for a

* The name of the latter appears in the list of honours for 1790, as *third Junior Optime*—a degree which merely afforded his friends the colour of a pretext for supporting his election to a fellowship.

fellowship at Trinity was altogether visionary. The absence of his name in the Tripos was a bar which it required the highest classical attainments to remove. There was one, however, ever on the watch to ornament and aggrandize his college, who had discrimination to perceive, and with it, inclination and ability to foster, rising talent. In 1820, a bye fellowship was offered to Mr. Benson, by the Hon. and Rev. the Master of Magdalene, and accepted. In the course of the same year, his appointment took place as Hulsean Lecturer; but a very delicate state of health, which had harassed him during his residence as an under-graduate, and palsied many an effort to attain mathematical eminence, obliged him, in 1821, to relax his professional exertions and absent himself from the University. On this occasion, the indulgence of a deputy was suggested by the electors; and Mr. Franks, of Trinity, now vicar of Huddersfield, was appointed.

What Mr. Benson's feelings were at this painful period of his life, and the anticipations which he involuntarily entertained, that his connexion with the University was about to close for ever, may be gathered from the very beautiful and plaintive passage which terminates his last lecture.* Happily these mournful forebodings were not to be realized; nor was Cambridge so prematurely to be deprived of her boast and ornament. In 1822, Mr. Benson resumed, with amended health and increased success, the duties of his office, and towards the close of the year was surprised by the offer of the vicarage of Ledsham, from a gentleman to whom he was not in the most distant degree related, and even a stranger

* It begins thus: "With my reasonings upon evidence I have done. Yet, before I quit the subject, perhaps never to resume it again, for God only knows what is written in the book of fate, I would beseech you to bear with me for a moment, whilst I speak a few words more, and no longer to the understanding but to the heart."

Benson's Hulsean Lectures for 1820. Page 312

but by name. He now resigned the arduous duties of Hulsean Lecturer. But his professional exertions were far too acceptable to the University, and too attractive to the under-graduates, to be dispensed with; and he was again nominated one of "the Select Preachers."

The quiet and retirement of Ledsham he was not long permitted to enjoy. In 1824, the valuable rectory of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields became vacant by the death of Dr. Buckner; and for this important station in the metropolis, the King—at the pointed recommendation and request, it is said, of the Bishop of London—selected Mr. Benson.

I have no hesitation in saying, however selfish it may appear, that Mr. Benson's advancement was a serious, nay almost irreparable, loss to the University. Without wishing, or intending, to convey any thing like an invidious reflection upon his successors, I may observe that for the duties of Hulsean Lecturer, Mr. B. was peculiarly, nay pre-eminently, qualified. The office itself is one of the utmost labour and responsibility. To preach twenty sermons, *annually*, before the University, and these not upon your own favourite subject, but upon the Evidences of Christianity or Points of Disputed Belief,—to submit these fruits, as they must necessarily be, of very hurried exertion to the ordeal of the press,—and this, with all the high-wrought expectations that will naturally be excited by the office of the preacher and the body before whom they were delivered—is an undertaking from which a man, conscious even of superior powers, would shrink with dismay.* Nor

* Upon this head Mr. Benson himself remarks, "there are limits to the multiplied forms of infidelity, and it would be too much to assert, or expect, that every year should produce something so new or dangerous, as to justify so large an annual publication upon the same topics. The attention of the public must, therefore, necessarily become wearied by such a constant repetition, if the provision be complied with, and the energy of the writers themselves languish under the entire hopelessness of being able to give additional interest to what has been

is it easy to adapt a subject—if not exhausted, at least very largely discussed and considerably intrenched upon—to the tastes, and habits, and sentiments of a large and various assemblage of undergraduates. One man may preach to my understanding, but may never once reach my heart. Another, by flowery language, or powerful declamation, may make a transient, and, for the time, sensible impression on my heart, without effecting the slightest lodgement on my understanding. A third may, by very vivid description, equally inconclusive and unscriptural, startle and affect my passions, while my understanding refuses to proceed a single step of the way along with him. Or the manner of a fourth may be so dictatorial and severe—his sentiments so replete with austerity and decision—that my self-love may withhold the credit which his learning and research deserve.

With Benson these objections are idle. He convinced the understanding, but—he touched the heart. He swayed, by his arguments, the judgment; and he alarmed, by his inferences, the conscience. He pleaded most powerfully to the reason; but he engaged your sympathy, and led captive your affections. And as to his manner—how simple—how humble—how devout—how utterly devoid of pretension, yet how invariably impressive—let those who have heard him determine.

Encircled by all the insignia of the Ακαδημια, and supported by that air of imposing solemnity which the University church breathes around the preacher

so often and so forcibly urged before. There is another inconvenience which may likewise sometimes attend this regulation.—The Lectureship is permitted to be held, at the option of the trustees, for five or six years in succession by the same individual. Should that ever be the case, and should the preacher be compelled to annul publication, he might thus be forced to give to the world the disjointed portions of a system, whose value and validity depended principally upon being considered in connexion as a whole."

Hulsean Lectures for 1820, p. 40, 41.

—at St. Giles's surrounded by all the flutter and fashion of a metropolitan audience—at the Foundling where every eye was fixed upon the orator, and every ear was drinking in those gently-persuasive accents with which he pleaded the cause of charity—under all these circumstances I have listened to Mr. Benson; but never, I am free to confess, with such feelings of unmingled pleasure, or with a more grateful testimony to his powers, than in the small, still, quiet chapel of Magdalene College. It was my privilege—for such I deem it—to have heard him, on two distinct occasions, address the under-graduates of that society, previous to the administration of the sacrament; and even at this moment of time, when long years have intervened, I can listen to the music of his voice—can remember some of those sentiments so fraught with humility and devotion and piety, in which our privileges and our duties were pressed upon us—and can trace *the effect with which, in more than one instance, his affecting exhortations were blessed.* There are those in existence who, amid the turmoils and temptations of the world, have recurred to the observations which followed the text, and have been strengthened, and supported, and comforted!

It is true that on each of the occasions to which I have referred the man was the same. In voice, in attitude, in manner, in look and gesture, in all he was unchanged. Though carried along on the full tide of popularity—though wealth and rank and fashion sat around him in unbroken attention—there was still the same deep, sustained, sincere devotion—the same dignified and elegant simplicity—the same absence of every thing like pretension—the same subdued but persuasive earnestness—the same low, soft, sweet voice with which he used to read morning prayers, at the early hour of eight, in the College Chapel, to an auditory of a dozen under-graduates. And yet—let the frankness of the con-

fession plead for its selfishness—I admired him the most when we "HAD HIM TO OURSELVES."

In taking this rapid sketch of Mr. Benson, his voice must not be forgotten. It is one of the most attractive points about him; and, I am inclined to think, peculiar to himself. I can hardly define what it *is*. I must describe it by what it is *not*. It is neither loud—nor clear—nor strong—nor sonorous; you can hardly call it *bass;* it undoubtedly is not treble; it is singularly plaintive, touching, and persuasive—very flexible—very musical. It conveys an idea of great delicacy of constitution, but is in exquisite harmony with the matter and manner of the owner.

To this peculiar combination of mental and physical powers—of the acquirements of mind with the graces of manner—much of Mr. Benson's popularity among, and influence over, the under graduates may be *mainly* ascribed. When he preached at St. Mary's you would find the grave and the gay, the studious and the idle, the mathematical and the sceptical, the serious and the dissipated—all listening to him with pleasure—not a few with profit.

"I go, regularly, to hear Benson," said a wild hare-brained friend of mine, "because I know him to be irreproachable in private life; and though I am but a sad fellow myself, I respect a man of Benson's character." "O! it's Benson to day, is it?" I once heard an accomplished but profligate student reply to another gownsman, "then I'll go. I never miss *him* if I can help it. That man's in earnest. No acting, no humbug; he says what he means, and practices what he says."

Here then is the grand secret. The character of the *man* appears to have almost as irresistible an influence as the reputation of the *preacher?* The consistency of the Christian then sheds a mild but steady lustre upon the acquirements of the scholar? I be

lieve it. There is in Mr. Benson's preaching a powerful, but partially developed, charm. Admirable as his Hulsean Lectures are, they are by no means unrivalled in the range of English divinity. His language, though beautiful, is not faultless. And his argument is not always original—sometimes defective—here and there inconclusive.

Yet, after all, the void which Mr. Benson's preferment has created is not very easily remedied. I say the void, because at the time I am writing,* the Hulsean Lectureship is again vacant; and from the constant study, the ceaseless fatigue, and almost overwhelming responsibility which it entails, few are anxious to undertake it. There is, however, more than one scholar and a divine in "this our body," who need not shrink from its duties. Could not Mr. Graham, of Christ College, who in so many points resembles his popular predecessor—or Mr. Rose, of Trinity, who has given us such a delightful specimen of ability and zeal, be prevailed upon to grapple with its demands?

But I must draw to a close. It is gratifying to those who are concerned for the welfare of the establishment, and willing to weaken the hands of her adversaries, that, in an age when so much misconception prevails with respect to preferment—when so many calumnies are circulated in reference to its disposal—and so many bold assertions hazarded as to the omnipotence of interest—a man can be found who boasts no consanguinity to any leading family, possesses no powerful connexions, no borough influence, who is indebted to no fortunate introduction, and lays claim to no noble descent, occupying a most conspicuous station in the metropolis, and approaching, in all human probability, the highest honours of his profession:—and that in attaining this

* In the Autumn of 1825.

height his allies have been public usefulness and private worth; his supporters rational zeal and studious perseverance; his connexions undeviating firmness of principle united to a highly cultivated mind. I have done.

Nov. 30, 1825.

LOVE MATCHES.

——— "Love—we paint him as a child,—
When he should sit, a giant on his clouds,
The great disturbing spirit of the world!"

Croly.

LOVE MATCHES.

Unfeeling and unjust in no slight degree are the observations which not unfrequently escape the lips of the worldly, the heartless, and the dissipated, upon those unions in early life which are designated by the term—Love Matches. Now, no man in his senses would venture to defend "love at first sight;" or to justify such preposterous unions as that of a peer with a flower girl; a baronet with a barmaid, or a Member of Parliament with a mantua-maker. Such jokes have, however, been cracked in Worcestershire and West noreland before now, and have been crowned with the happiest results. I merely content myself with joining in the cry of a hearty and hospitable old friend of mine—"a match of affection against the world."

To be sure the advantages of a contrary course are many and lasting. There is comfort in escaping the horrors of a jail by marrying age and infirmity; and then—being unable to look the woman in the face ever afterward. There is consolation in being bribed to take disease and insanity to your bosom, and then having cause to say of matrimony during the rest of your life, that "its two days of happiness were the first and the last." There is transport in marrying a woman to whose person you are utterly indifferent, and for whose heart and understanding you have a thorough contempt—solely to please your father and serve your party; to unite two most improveable estates and strengthen your political influence: all which are easily and cheaply at-

tained by the mere sacrifice of your own comfort and happiness for life. These are a few of the heart-stirring delights, which so often attend "a very prudent marriage."

There is nothing, I trust, bitter in these reflections. They are the fruits of an unexpected meeting with two old school-fellows, senior in standing and superior in station to myself, and of a merry recurrence to scenes—and times—and persons—and adventures—in which we were all most deeply interested. There is something inexpressibly delightful in such a meeting. "It is like snatching the hour-glass of time, inverting it, and rolling back again the sands that had marked the lapse of years." Who is there that does not linger—fondly linger—around those scenes which were once the haunt of his boyhood, and dwell with unabated affection upon those early friends who twined themselves around his heart and mingled in all his enjoyments, at that spring-time of life when mere existence was happiness—when hope was certainty—the world a Paradise?

They had both been guilty of—a love-match. Having wealth—and rank—and influence themselves, they had each married the object of their affections, who had NEITHER! and what is more melancholy still, after a union of many years, they have never had cause to regret it! Let me sketch the outline and incidents of so preposterous an occurrence.

* * * * * *

The duties of the day discharged, and the casualties of to-morrow anticipated, the conductress of Cumberland House was blessing her stars for the prospects of an evening undisturbed by any professional engagement, when the current of her ejaculations was unexpectedly deranged by a summons

to the parlour. She found there a gentleman—young, but grave and dignified in appearance—accompanied by a still younger and certainly most lovely female. His age was apparently about thirty—hers might be guessed at seventeen. He stated himself to be her guardian. Her education had been neglected. It was his wish, as well as that of the young lady herself, to whom he had the honour of standing in so responsible a relation, that it should now be completed. He was anxious that she should have the first masters; and that every grace and every accomplishment which art could bestow, should be added to the gifts of nature. Expense was in no instance to be regarded. Her comfort—her improvement—her interests alone were to be consulted.

The lady conductress smiled—showed her house—her grounds—ran over with inimitable complacency and singular glibness a long list of young nobility who had entered and adorned the fashionable world on leaving her establishment—and concluded an elaborate, and all things considered, a very prettily turned harrangue, by a modest and rather hesitating inquiry of "Whom have I the honour of addressing?"

"That is foreign to the purpose. I can neither give you my name—my address—nor a reference of any kind. The name of this young lady will probably be sufficient on the one hand; and this note, by way of security, on the other." He laid down, as he spoke, a bank bill of a very considerable amount, and turned to the window.

Madame La Roche stood amazed. "How very extraordinary! Here's mystery. O! there's something wrong beyond a doubt!" and she glanced from one to the other. Yet, as her eye caught the noble and commanding figure of the stranger,—scanned that calm unruffled brow,—and then re-

verted to the confiding and ingenious expression of his youthful companion, she felt ashamed of the supposition.

"You hesitate? I have no wish of surprising you into an assent. Deliberate an hour if you please; I will await your decision. My bankers, I omitted to state, are Fry and Chapman; on whom your drafts will be punctually honoured;" and he resumed his station at the window.

The conductress paused—and hesitated—and for the first time in her life was *dumb!* "He's monstrous young to be '*a Guardian*'—but *he* is certainly *somebody:* and *she* looks purity itself: yet to come alone—to be accompanied by no female friend.—— I really don't know what to say." She began—"I"—she looked at the bank note which lay so temptingly upon the table—cast another glance at the well appointed equipage at the door—and concluded—"I shall be most happy to receive Miss—Miss—the lady in question."

"I will not then return," said she, speaking for the first time. "Whatever I may require more than the carriage contains can be forwarded to me to-morrow." There was a tone of melancholy in her voice which touched even the selfish heart of Madame La Roche. She fancied she could discover a sob with difficulty suppressed. "You can probably receive Miss Hamilton to-night," said the stranger? "To-night," echoed Madame, evidently disconcerted at the promptitude which characterized the measures of her new acquaintance.—"To-night."—An expression of the most comic distress passed over her face—a shrug succeeded—then a smile—"O, certainly." "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui côute," she murmured in an under tone, and carefully deposited the note in her reticule.

The young lady was indefatigable. In the attainment of her object no labour appeared exces-

sive, no confinement irksome. The rays of early morning found her actively engaged in the pursuit of improvement: the dews of evening found her wearied but still employed. She avoided society; —she courted solitude. Yet there were times when traces of tears appeared on her cheek, and a sigh, deep—deep—and unbroken, would steal from her bosom, and an expression of uncontrollable anguish would chequer a countenance fair as the poet's dream.

The only indulgence which she allowed herself was the care of a little orphan of five years old, who had been sent over to the conductress from India by a dying mother. For this little wayward, capricious, but engaging being, she would throw aside her favourite pursuit; enter into the whim of the moment; caress, and romp, and play with her by the hour together. It seemed as if not only all the affections of her nature had fastened upon her lively companion, but that some dear and secret association was connected with her:—for on more than one occasion the youthful beauty was discovered caressing her little plaything with all the affection of a mother, and mingling with her caresses—tears.

All this was "sadly perplexing" to Madame La Roche. There was no want of wealth, that was very clear—or of propriety, for her life was purity itself—or of self respect, for she would awe the most presuming;—but there was "a most unpardonable want of information!" The young lady herself was silent as the grave. Not a syllable could be extorted from her by inuendo, by inquiry, flattery, or surmise, as to her guardian or herself; as to the past or the future. All she would speak of—all she would refer to—was the PRESENT. This air of impenetrable mystery—this "absence of all authentic intelligence"—this "dearth of information"—had cost Madame La Roche many a sleepless

hour; had made her tremble many a night for "the character of the establishment." If—she used to say to herself, till her brains were almost addled—there SHOULD be any thing improper? If any unexpected disclosure SHOULD take place? If all should not be "quite correct?"—I'm ruined!—utterly and and irretrievably ruined!—and her head grew dizzy at the bare idea of it.

Her day of trial was not far distant. Whether from intense application or feelings which preyed upon themselves, Ellen Hamilton became suddenly and alarmingly ill. The stranger's bankers were immediately apprized of the circumstance, and he himself was entreated to appear: but before he arrived his ward was insensible. His agitation on learning the particulars bordered upon frenzy. The first medical practitioners which the metropolis could afford were ranged around her bed, but the disease bade defiance to their skill. Delirium came on; and she raved in tones that would have melted the hardest heart for her husband and her child—implored them to come to her—entreated him not to banish her from her boy—and assured him over and over again that she would be all and every thing he could wish.

Madame La Roche was half crazy. Her worst fears were confirmed. A mother, and perhaps not a wife, sheltered beneath her roof.—"Oh, if I keep my senses it's more than I anticipate." Meanwhile the unconscious Ellen, after a long and severe conflict with disease, slowly rallied; and as soon as she was pronounced out of danger, her guardian, at Madame's urgent and reiterated request, took his leave.

The first object which poor Ellen recognised, on the return of reason, was Madame La Roche musing by her side. "I fear I have given you all much trouble; and said many foolish things? Tell me—

pray tell me—has—has any thing particular—that is —I mean—any thing very unaccountable—escaped me?" "Oh, no, nothing at all. You have only raved incessantly for your husband and your child!" "How odd.—Mere delirium, my dear Madame La Roche, mere delirium. My husband and my child! Ha, ha, ha!" said she, with a faint laugh, "how strange!" "It's all strange," exclaimed Madame very La Roche, and marched from the apartment.

It was about a fortnight after this conversation, that the little orphan, to whom Ellen was so attached, begged and obtained leave to visit her "dear Mama." Half frantic with joy—for after all her caprice, and passion, and self-will, the little Indian had a most affectionate heart—she clung round the neck of her pallid friend; laughed, and talked, and cried all in a breath; kissed her again and again; and, in the warmth of her caresses, disengaged a locket, which fell with some violence on the floor. "I'll get it; —I'll get it. Let me have it;—let me have it;" said the little wayward being, struggling with her governess; and in the contest, the spring opened, and Madame beheld—a portrait of the stranger and a wedding ring!

It is credibly affirmed that this paragon of French-women neither scolded, nor screamed, nor fainted. She looked at the ring and said "Thank God!" The next morning brought Ellen the following note:—

"I wish for no disclosures from you. I ask for none. But I can bear it no longer. This mystery —this concealment—this air of indiscretion—this perpetual *double entendre*—has all but worn me into my grave. I have sent for your guardian; I suppose some dreadful disclosure awaits me. May I be able to sustain it!

"C. L."

On the receipt of this alarming document, Ellen

—it pains me to relate—laughed long and loudly "Poor Madame! She need be afraid of no 'dreadful disclosures!' A rich treat is in store for her. Her appetite for the romantic is about to be gratified. To be sure, her curiosity and impatience have somewhat accelerated matters;—but perhaps 'tis as well."

The stranger arrived, and Ellen saw him alone. Their conference was short, but apparently conclusive; for she entered the room leaning on her guardian's arm, in some little degree of agitation, though her face was radiant with smiles, and triumph beamed from her eye. "Madame La Roche," the stranger began, "you must not charge me with dissimulation, or accuse me of want of candour, if I have hitherto delayed putting you in full possession of all the circumstances relative to my lovely Ellen." The governess started. Screwed up as she was for the *worst*, "my lovely Ellen" came upon her ears like a thunderclap. "Till now it has been impossible. Listen, and acquit me. I met with this treasure in an obscure and humble cottage in the country; I obtained her affections, and she blessed me with her hand. True, it *was* an unequal match. For my paltry acres, she had innocence and beauty; for my title, she had sincerity and worth; instead of a long line of ancestry, she had a father who adored her—a brother who would have died for her; and in lieu of fashion and influence, a heart overflowing with the noblest feelings of our nature, and a character untainted even by the mildew of slander. I doubted not that the dutiful and devoted daughter—the self-denying and affectionate sister—would become the attached and invaluable wife. Nor have I been deceived. But my Ellen was not long in discovering that an education, carried on at intervals, and at best incongruous and incomplete, but ill qualified her for the station she now held in society,

or for scenes and conversations in which she would be required, as my wife, to bear her part. She feared—such was the *phantom* that perpetually pursued her—that she should disgrace my choice. She importuned me for a while to conceal my marriage, and to allow her to complete her education. At her own request—mark me Madame La Roche—at her own urgent and repeated request, I consented to the separation; and was silent on my happiness. Upon you little or no imposition has been practised. I declared myself her guardian? Am I not; and for life? It now remains for me to thank you for the manner in which you have fulfilled our wishes, and to present to you—THE COUNTESS OF IRCHESTER."

* * * * *

Thus much, then, for the matrimonial history of one friend; that of the other will run rather in a different measure.

It was the height of the season at Harrowgate. The Crown was overflowing with real and imaginary invalids; and tic-doloreux, paralysis, and sciatica had to dispute their way, inch by inch, to the dining room, with youth, health, and impudence. Among the *soi-disant* sufferers, were a "Mrs. Duputy Quarter-Master Twaddle," and her niece, Emily Ducarrell. The former was a woman who possessed neither genius nor accomplishments—nor a taste for poetry, nor a turn for chemistry, nor an acquaintance with phrenology, conchology, geology, or gastronomy—but simply good common sense;—the latter was allowed, by every man who was "at all a judge of beauty," to be an unusually pretty girl; which ensured her the suffrages of at least three-fourths of the male creation. They arrived at the Crown late in the evening of an anniversary of some great national victory, when a very jovial

gentlemen's party had been given in a private room. The labours of unpacking, and unpinning, and arranging, concluded—the house, the company, the accommodations fully discussed—every cupboard and every closet examined, that she "might be satisfied all was as it should be, and that there was nothing in the shape of concealments"—Mrs. Twaddle discovered she was "quite worn out with the journey," and wished her niece good night. The young lady had been some time in her own apartment, when she recollected she had in her custody the late Quarter-Master's huge bunch of keys;—aware of the unpardonable sin of continuing in wilful possession of so precious a deposit, she determined on crossing the gallery to her aunt's room, and restoring them to their lawful possessor. She had executed her commission, and was quietly retracing her steps, when a most astounding chorus reached her from below; symptoms of obstreperous mirth appeared at no great distance; and she could distinguish a rush of very unsteady convivialists up the staircase. Unwilling to encounter gentlemen, so awkwardly situated, she mended her pace. They were gaining on her—had reached the landing—had descried her! Overcome with terror, she hastily turned to the right—rushed into her own room—extinguished the candle—and threw herself on a chair!

What language can depict her distress, her agony, and surprise, at finding she had mistaken her apartment—that the room she was now in was already tenanted—and that her drunken pursuers were almost at the door. "I am lost! I am lost!" cried the half frantic girl. "No; no;" said a firm manly voice, "not if you will permit *me* to advise you, "O! Where am I—where am I; what will become of me?" "Trust to my honour, Madam, and you are safe. Do you hesitate? They are now at the

door—another moment and;—let me beseech you —let me implore you to confide in me." He hastily concealed her in the coverlet, and disguised her form in the best manner he was able; but there was brief time for preparation, for the next moment the door was thrown open, and a party of at least a dozen bacchanalians surrounded her!

"Lillingstone, we're in for a row; and we want you to join us." "No, no, my dear fellows; not to-night, not to-night. I'm tired—unwell." "The *fresh* air will do you good! Besides, we can't do without you." "Another night—another night." "We'll take no excuse. *To-night* or never." "Well, then, to be plain with you, *I will not come.* I have particular reasons for my refusal." "Well, then, to be plain with you, *you shall come.* We have "particular" means of making you. Holloa, boys; pull off the clothes first; we'll dress him afterwards." An instant, and Emily's fame would have been blasted for ever.

"I'll come! I'll come! let go the clothes. I'll come." "Hurrah! Hurrah!" "But upon one condition; that you all instantly leave the room." "No, no; 'a bird in the hand'—you know the proverb; we wont stir a step till we have you along with us." "I assure you I'll join you;—(let go the coverlet)—but I need not tell you that I have a certain nervous, peculiar, indescribable feeling; its very foolish—(keep off the bed, will ye)—very ridiculous I own; but, in a word, I cannot dress with another person in the room." "Never heard a syllable of it till this instant?" "Nor I." "Nor I." "Well, believe it or not, it is the case; but if you will all—all—go down stairs, and leave me to myself for ten minutes, I pledge my honour I will accompany you—(don't trouble yourself, Hardy, about the counterpane)—when you please, and where you please." "Spoken like a man.

Agreed! Agreed!" And in a moment the room was clear.

"You are safe, Madam—Fly. "Yet," added he, in the most respectful manner, "receive my solemn assurances that I am in perfect ignorance of the lady whom I have ventured to advise; and that so far from divulging the circumstances, they are already forgotten."

Emily darted from the room, and though half wild with terror, was fortunate enough to gain her aunt's apartment. The night wore away amid grief which almost beggars description. She wept and refused to be comforted. In vain Mrs. Twaddle pointed out the darkness which enveloped the rencontre—the generous and gentlemanly conduct of the stranger—the manifest improbability, nay, almost impossibility, of his being able to recognise the intruder—his voluntary promise that he would never divulge the occurrence:—Emily replied only by passionate entreaties that her aunt "would leave Harrowgate the next morning." "And by so doing, determine the identity at once. My dear departed Quarter-Master—and he was a man that knew the world—used to observe, that retreat under any circumstances was disgraceful; but that a retreat from a baffled foe was——whew!" "Then go—pray go to another house." "Why? What reason could I assign!" "It matters not: I never can dine at the public table again. He will know me—I am sure he will know me. Dearest aunt, spare me; pray spare me!" "Front your foe always, was the late Quarter-Master's maxim." "But the disgrace"—"Pshaw! he cannot recognise you. Reflect for an instant upon the influx of company—the crowd of faces. Besides, Emily, of course you never spoke?" "Oh yes; again and again." "True: but not in your own natural tones. You addressed him in the accents of terror—those he will never hear again."

"Then, at least, let me dine in my own room for the next ten days—a week—only to morrow?" "Oh, certainly, and by so doing, betray yourself at once. Emily Ducarrel, listen to me. It was among the last words of that dear departed saint, the late Quart—" Poor Emily had fainted. "Now if I alarm the house," thus argued the magnanimous widow, "I must assign some reason. I shall excite suspicion, say what I will: every body will have their own story: and poor Emily's reputation—whew!—I'll not put it in their power, for I'll recover her myself. I only wish," said she, chafing the poor girl's hands with all her might, "that the Quarter-Master was here—for his own sake as well as mine."

Lillingstone was not a little perplexed on his part. Who could she be? When did she come? He looked around him at the dinner table, and saw some very lovely faces; but not one on which his fancy could dwell as that of his trembling visiter. Was it the belle? No: far too bold and masculine. The flirt? No: much more feminine. The heiress? Too old, and too confident. Yet, that voice—that soft, low, sweet tone—he should know it among ten thousand.

There was a youthful figure, enveloped in a shawl, in a corner, somewhat shaded by the bust of a portly old lady—could it be she? She avoided him. Who knew them? No one. Who could introduce him? The President. He applied, and succeeded. Those accents resemble hers! She trembles. Again! There cannot be *two* such voices! That deep, burning, crimson blush—that averted face—that quivering lip—that tearful eye—he could not be mistaken—it must be—it was—THE WANDERER!

* * * * * * *

Lady Irchester and Mrs. Wilbeforce Lillingstone

are still alive. I saw the former, as handsome as ever, though somewhat *enbonpoint*, at Brussels. The little boy, who was so perpetually invoked by his suffering mother, and whose mention had so nearly proved fatal to the senses of Madame La Roche, has become a fine, dashing young man, and is now on the point of marriage. Upon the latter, time has laid a less lenient hand. Yet I fancied I could trace in her full, dark, gazelle eye, that nervous timidity which discovered her to her lover; and her voice still retains all its witchery of tone. The lapse of years has not robbed it of a particle of its power;—has only rendered it more mellow and touching. They live in the country. Slander does not breathe their name. Envy dares not assail their virtues. And the happy, even tenour of their life, incontestably proves that though there may be some "love matches" which are formed in a lower sphere, there are others which are "made in Heaven."

THE WAGES OF SIN.

"The epicure
Who sleeps in luxury's lap; who wears no robe,
But from the silk-worm's loom; suffers no air
To come beneath his nostrils, but the breath
Of incense, and the aromatic herbs
That Indian princes pillow on; even he
May love the subtle frowning messenger
That comes to close his pleasure—loaded life."

Croly.

"Te miseriæ, te ærumnæ premunt; qui te beatum, qui te florentem putas; tu dies noctesque cruciaris; te conscientiæ stimulant maleficiorum tuorum: te metus exanimant judiciorum atque legum; quocunque adspexisti, ut furiæ, sic tuæ tibi occurrunt injuriæ, quæ te respirare non sinunt."

Cicero. Paradox II.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

For the ensuing narrative I am indebted to the kindness of a friend who was tutor and executor to the wayward young man whose guilt and wretchedness it commemorates. Strange though the story may appear, there are those in existence who KNOW it to be TRUE. Why then should I withhold what the writer himself had destined for the world? There are none to be grieved at the disclosures it contains. —Moyston left behind him no near relations—he had but one friend. Let then this unconnected record of sorrow and sin appear in his own words. At least it may serve to show that if in this chequered state of being, virtue and happiness are not synonymous terms, still misery is indissolubly allied to crime.

"I am dying—I know it. Despite of all that medical skill can achieve—of every alleviation that art can suggest—and every check to disease that wealth can procure,—I am rapidly sinking into my grave. Be it so. I grieve not at the discovery. Can the captive mourn the hour which will free him from the damp and loathsome dungeon, and open to him the joyous air of heaven? Oh no, the truest friend the wretched have, is he who drops the scene upon their weary life. But let me not spend my few last fleeting hours in moralizing—I have yet much to do. Little has my past life availed my fellow-creatures: O let me benefit them from the grave! Surrounded with every blessing which existence can afford—possessing prospects of a brilliant, nay, almost unrivalled, nature—few entered

this chequered scene of being with greater advantages than myself. It is true, that the lapse of a few short years made me an unconscious orphan. But by a kind and watchful guardian and his sister, who had been my mother's early friend, their place was most affectionately supplied; and of such a brother as I possessed, few could boast. He was about eighteen months older than myself, and though in our pursuits, and tastes, and turns of thought, an essential difference was perceptible, we were warmly and devotedly attached. Alone in the world, we clung to each other with an intensity of affection which orphans only can feel. I will describe him—though it cost me a bitter pang.

"More sedate—more reflecting—more refined and highly cultivated than myself, with a mind slightly tinged with melancholy, and deeply but unaffectedly impressed by the great truths of religion, he exhibited a character remarkable for mental energy, when excited, but which took rare and sparing interest in ordinary occurrences. His pleasures were invariably those of a grave and solitary cast. He seemed to endure mirth rather than enjoy it; to enter into society, more from a feeling of duty than an anticipation of amusement. To contemplate nature in her wildest and grandest forms—to listen to the sullen roar of ocean—to survey from the verge of a rock the fretful billows foaming and breaking at its base—to watch the progress of the tempest and gaze upon the forked lightning—to enjoy the sabbath stillness of a summer's evening, and muse upon the starry firmament studded with innumerable worlds—to investigate the structure and powers of the human mind—and to dive into sciences which lead man to his MAKER, and force upon him the magnificence of the Deity and the extent of his benevolence: for pursuits like these he had the keenest relish, and from the prosecution of them he seem-

ed daily to rise with fresh and unabated enjoyment. And in despite of an air of pensive gravity and reserve, unusual in one so happily circumstanced, there were few who were more generally and deservedly beloved, than the young Sir Walter Moyston, of Mountsfield.

"Oh, I *did* love him! Gay, volatile, and impetuous—interested only about the present, and careless of the future—governed, far too frequently, by the impulse of the heart, rather than by the decision of the head—often the victim of passion, ever the slave of caprice; yet did I pay involuntary homage to my brother's superiority; and in every moment of difficulty—in every hour of trial—when disgust, or disappointment, or treachery had assailed me, I would turn to this highly-gifted being and be comforted.

"What would I give to recall that period? I was happy, for I was innocent. When I first woke in the morning, I could almost weep with pleasure; —the holy calm, the silence, the freshness, the fragrance, would thrill through my soul;—and then —yes, then, I could lift a heart to Heaven, which guilt had not torn from confidence in God.

* * * * *

"My brother was about twenty, and I had just quitted Oxford, when an addition was made to our neighbourhood in the person of a Mrs. De Courcey. She was the widow of a very gallant officer; and the bravery of her husband—and the circumstance of his loss reducing her from comfort and independence, to the lowliest retirement and the scantiest pittance, added to her own noble descent and very superior manners—excited a powerful interest in her favour, and she was very generally courted on her appearance among us. Yet, amidst it all, she was a cold, calculating, mercenary being; an adept in intrigue, and a heartless manœuverer. In a word,

SHE WAS A WOMAN OF THE WORLD; and could contrive, at will, to make vice appear virtue, and art seem innocence. She was accompanied by her daughter;—let me *attempt* to describe Adela De Courcey.

"I see her at this moment before me. That clear, fair forehead, that deep blue eye—that open, frank, confiding smile—that buoyant, airy step—that careless, nay, almost childish gayety, of manner, which seemed so delightfully to mix with the every-day business of life, and to throw a glow of cheerfulness on all around her;—no, no, to her description is injustice.

"To see and love this captivating being—to love against hope, against reason—to love with all the jealousy and despondence of a youthful heart—with all the intensity and devotion of a first affection—was very speedily mine. I say to love against hope, against reason, for I discovered but too soon, that Adela's beauty, her innocence, her misfortunes, and the air of cheerful resignation with which she submitted to their pressure, had made a powerful and permanent impression on my brother's heart. I saw that I had no chance. And yet Adela's return to her lover's passion was cold and faint in the extreme. Living in his immediate neighbourhood—hearing, hour by hour, of his unbounded benevolence, his unaffected piety, his humility, his disinterestedness—she respected, she esteemed—but no, she never loved him. To her mother his wealth, his rank, his generous, easy temper were irresistible. Mrs. De Courcey smiled upon his suit. I was a bankrupt in affection from that very hour!

For the first time I now *felt* I was a younger brother; for the first time my heart swelled with envy and animosity towards the unsuspecting Walter; for the first time I regarded, with feelings of satisfaction, his slender form and sickly habit—treasured

up the passing indications of delicacy of constitution —and calculated, yes, actually calculated, whether it was not possible I might survive him. And then better feelings would return, and I would oppose to those baneful, but evanescent emotions, my own purity of intention and rectitude of heart! 'Twas the dream of a madman. Oh! would to God I had learnt the lesson of human weakness, the great lesson of human life; that I had been taught the narrow limits of human sufficiency; and had been led to pray for strength and support from above! Would to God I had learnt to control my passions—to subjugate them to the empire of reason—to invoke divine assistance to combat, to stifle, to subdue them! I get weaker. I must on.

* * * * *

"Preparations for the marriage were in progress. Instructions had been issued for the settlements; and the ceremony stood fixed for the day on which my brother would attain his majority. The feelings of my mind strangely harmonized with the season of the year. It was far advanced in autumn: the trees were almost stripped of their foliage; the dew lay thick upon the grass; the landscape was entirely shrouded with vapour, excepting where a solitary sunbeam seemed to struggle with the mist; the woods were silent; and not a single sign of life enlivened the monotony of the scene, save where the dusky livery of a huge old fir was contrasted by the brilliant berries of the mountain ash. It was nature in her sepulchre.

"My brother challenged me to a walk. On a morning cheerless and gloomy as that which I have been describing, I was sure the invitation contemplated some particular object. Nor was I mistaken. He announced to me, in form, his intended marriage —spoke to me most confidentially, most unreservedly

—unfolded all his plans for the present, his prospects for the future—apprised me, in the most delicate terms, of the addition which he had deemed it right to make to a younger brother's portion—and again, and again assured me, that neither time nor circumstances could effect the slightest diminution in his love.

Engaged in earnest conversation, we had reached a ravine in the grounds. It was a spot sad and solitary; but wild and picturesque in the extreme. Ivy mantled its sides in some places; and in others oaks and holly bushes, whose roots found nourishment in the crevices of the rock, excluded the light of day, and half concealed the torrent which formed below. The weeping willow and the mounful cypress waved o'er the waters. At a little distance lower down, the stream—now brawling and foaming in hasty current, now whirling in deep and circular eddies—was joined by a sluggish and slumbering rivulet, and became a very considerable sheet of water. Its depth, even at the side, was upwards of fifteen feet.

"Heedlessly loitering on the brink, and pointing to some recent improvements, my brother faltered and fell into the flood. The slightest motion on my part would have saved him; the least effort, without incurring any risk, any danger to myself, would have been sufficient to avert his fate; the very sapling which lay on the grass beside me, had it been guided to his grasp, would have drawn him to the brink. I stood motionless! The feelings of a fiend rushed over me and prevailed. Twice he rose and struggled manfully with the torrent. I saw his face almost black with agony—I caught his eye fixed full upon me with an expression of anxiety, of entreaty, of reproach, and despair, which impending dissolution only could convey. A convulsive cry escaped him. It was repeated in a deeper, wilder tone. A sullen

plunge was heard. There was stillness around me —it was the stillness of death.

* * * * *

"I returned to the house by a long and circuitous route; and immediately, *on reaching it*, gave the alarm. His body was found an hour afterward. I did not see it. I was pressed to do so, but replied —they were the only words of truth that passed my lips for many years—that 'MY FEELINGS WOULD NOT ALLOW ME.'

* * * * *

"Within two years afterward Adela was mine.

* * * * *

"I had now realized the wildest wish of my heart. Sin I had committed—aggravated—heinous—damning—overwhelming. I had earned—fairly earned its wages. Fortune was mine. Rank was mine. The being I had so long and so hopelessly loved, was mine. There was no living creature to dispute my will or control my wishes. Perhaps it may be asked, was I happy? Happy! From the very day my brother died, I never knew the meaning of the term. Soon—very soon—retribution overtook me. The Almighty visited me early with his chastisements. I was passionately fond of children. There was a purity and an innocence about them which breathed to me of another world. I liked them as companions. Their heartfelt mirth, their sportive playfulness, their dovelike simplicity, and winning smiles, would always, even in my darkest hours, steal me from myself. I implored Heaven—for I dared to pray!—to vouchsafe me such a blessing of my own. There were other reasons which rendered me earnest and importunate in this petition. I was the last of my race. The name of Moyston, so-

nobly descended—the title of no recent creation—would die with me. The extensive domains would, in that case, enrich a family who had already aggrandized themselves at our expense, and whose very mention was hateful to me. For those powerful reasons, independent of my passionate attachment to infancy, I was anxious beyond description for a living representative. Years rolled on—I WAS CHILDLESS!

"Conscience gradually resumed her sway. The figure of my drowning brother pursued me like a shadow. Night and day—at home and abroad—in society and in solitude—his image stood before me. My health began to show symptoms of decay. Medical science was resorted to. My attendants pronounced me nervous—hypochondriacal; recommended change of air—of scene; hurried me off to Brighton—to Cheltenham; and prescribed 'tonic medicines and nutritious diet!'

"Pshaw! I despised their prognostics. I laughed to scorn their self-sufficient ignorance, and the confidence with which they boasted of their ability to cure. My malady was beyond their art; and I knew it. My symptoms were a wounded conscience—my sufferings arose from the anguish of remorse—my feverish days and restless nights had their origin in those bitter feelings of self-reproach, which, like the vulture of Prometheus, preyed unceasingly upon my vitals, and were but too lively an emblem of 'the worm that never dies.'

"After a melancholy sojourn at Malvern, Harrowgate, Buxton, and half a dozen other places sacred to folly and fashion, I returned to Mountsfield with a decided increase of malady. It had now reached such a height, that I was unable to encounter a human eye. I insisted, with the vehemence of frenzy, no servant should presume to meet me. No matter what might be the urgency of the errand—

no matter what might be its importance—on pain of instant dismission, I enjoined them to retrace their steps. Lady Moyston reasoned—remonstrated—entreated. In vain. I adopted the jargon of my physician, and laid the blame on the 'total derangement of my nervous system!' Dr. Warren—he's now in his grave—commended my 'prudent precaution!' Prudence! Precaution! Ha! ha! ha! I could not—I dared not meet the steady gaze even of the menials that surrounded me. I dreaded—I anticipated—they would read the guilty secret in my care-worn, haggard countenance. I was obeyed—obeyed to the very letter. I could wander at will through the grounds without meeting a human being. I could traverse the long gallery at Mountsfield—pace up and down, to and fro, in the splendid but deserted apartments—and muse, unchecked by the presence or even the sound of any living witness, over my ever-increasing anguish, compunction, and despair.

"Sleep forsook me. That clear, sweet, soft voice for ever rung in my ears. I heard it above the swell of the pealing organ—above the waves of the ocean as they rolled in thunder on the shore—in the silence of midnight—in the glare of noonday—in the song—in the dance:—go where I would, still an invisible monitor sounded in my ears —'HENRY, DEAR HENRY, SAVE ME—SAVE ME!'

"I endeavoured to soothe my wounded spirit by acts of the most unbounded charity. I would fain have *bribed Heaven* by a life of the most extensive benevolence. To the needy, the suffering, the aged, and the diseased, I dispensed my wealth liberally—largely. Alas! light where it would it seemed followed by a curse! The objects of my bounty proved unworthy, or ungrateful, or impostors, or importunate. Few, very few, appeared on examination deserving or necessitous. And the

blessing which these invoked on my head seemed to my distempered imagination expressions of the bitterest derision; and the heartfelt aspirations which they uttered, 'that I might never know what sorrow was,' seemed the exultations of a fiend that mocked at my calamity and laughed at my despair.

Months I had continued in this feverish state of being, when an incident occurred which diverted the current of my thoughts, and had afterwards a very material influence upon my destiny. In one of my solitary rambles through the Park, I found a little boy, cold, hungry, and almost destitute of clothing, watching, with the most affectionate solicitude, and weeping over a dying mother. She was a soldier's wife, who, having lost her husband, was returning to her native village, when disease and want had arrested her progress. She was, indeed, hastening to her final home. Her little companion, I may say, comforter, was a noble, manly-looking boy of five years old, with a face which had, without exception, the finest, softest, sweetest expression I ever saw. He was sitting by her side with a look of childish, helpless anguish; and the tone in which his little clear voice murmured, 'Don't cry, mother, don't cry,' as he wiped the damps of death from her brow, touched a heart, cold, churlish, and insensible as mine.

"She was carefully removed to the house. Every remedy that experience could suggest, every comfort that wealth could procure, was afforded her. It availed but little. Death would not be cheated of his prey; and his approach hourly became more perceptible. The little mourner watched every turn of her disorder with a glistening eye and quivering lip—sat hour after hour with his little hand clasped in hers—and when the last struggle came on, and we forcibly excluded him from the chamber, he fixed himself on the step outside the door—inquired

in faltering accents of all who entered or quitted the apartment—and as each reply became more hopeless than the former, wept in silence. When we told him of his poor mother's death, he refused food. No delicacy we could offer could tempt his appetite. He sat by the coffin in childish sorrow, and mourned as one that 'would not be comforted.'

"There was something in this homage of the heart which deeply interested me. I will keep him —educate him—provide for him. He at least will love me. The flame of gratitude will burn bright and clear in such an affectionate bosom; and on him, bound to me by the ties of countless obligations, the rumours of the world will have no power. His profession shall be that of his choice. How these day dreams were realized will appear hereafter.

* * * * *

"The passing stimulus of the moment over—my mind made up respecting the education of the little orphan—and every arrangement for his comfort completed—my thoughts gradually returned into their old channel; and some slightly exciting cause was all that was requisite to bring back my malady with renewed violence. It was not long wanting. I had taken pleasure in going to church. Yes—unaccountable as it may appear, my happiest hours by far were those which I spent *there!* I could, and did pray. I felt the beauties, and was alive to the unction of our incomparable Liturgy; and if I ever had an interview free from the gnawings of remorse, it was when I was under the roof of my God. This confession may appear extraordinary. I care not. It is true. Touched by a passage of Scripture—by some brief, but exquisite reference to the state of my own mind; softened by the calm—the holy stillness of the sanctuary; or subdued by the plaintive persuasions of the good old man who counselled there;

I have wept—often—bitterly. Wept—as I thought of that heaven from which I felt myself eternally excluded; wept—as I thought of that fearful account to which I so unrelentingly consigned my generous brother; wept—as I reflected on what I *might have been, and what I was!* Yet these were not tears of penitence. I knew not the meaning of contrition. And from every thing resembling confession of my guilt and supplication for pardon, my proud spirit revolted together. No—such was the conclusion at which I invariably arrived—no pity for me! The human being does not exist to whom I would breathe my secret. The mental gangrene which preys upon me, may corrode my heart's core. But I will carry it with me to my grave.

"I wander. I have said, my happiest hours were those which were spent in the exercise of public devotion. This interval of enjoyment was not long permitted me. One Easter Sunday—I have as vivid a recollection of the time, and place, and circumstances, as though it had been an affair of yesterday—I chanced to catch Mr. Alleyne's eye resting upon me as he slowly read in his deep, solemn tones—THOU SHALT DO NO MURDER. I was instantly unnerved. I could detect a deeper, graver modulation than usual—could trace in his penetrating eye a peculiar expression,—a point and severity in his generally mild and gentle manner. He suspected me? Did he dare? I would brave him! I COULD NOT. I WAS AT CHURCH FOR THE LAST TIME.

"My malady now returned with tenfold violence. I was unable to bear the presence even of my own servants. I insisted upon their never presuming to look at me as they waited at dinner—upon their eye constantly and invariably shunning mine. 'I will not,' said I, with the tone and gesture of a madman, 'be bearded by menials in my own hall.' 'But, consider, my love,' said Lady Moyston, 'the endless, the

unaccountable constructions which such a command would bear.' 'No matter,' said I, with increasing vehemence, 'I WILL be obeyed.' 'Certainly, Henry,' was Adela's mild reply. 'Certainly. Your will, you know, is ever mine. Suppose, then, we dispense with their attendance altogether? I myself,' said she, with her own sweet smile, 'will wait upon you. Will you accept of me for a cupbearer?' The idea pleased me. I adopted it. But after a while I had the misery of perceiving that even Adela's presence was a painful restraint upon me. I proposed dining alone. She struggled with her tears, and—acquiesced.

* * * * *

"Marcius—for so I had named the little orphan—was now eighteen. In him I fancied I should find an ample recompense for the bitter disappointment, vexation, and chagrin, which had attended all my former schemes of benevolence. O he *did* promise fair! In attainments—in disposition—in person—and in manner, he was all that I could wish. Hourly did I congratulate myself upon the incident which had enabled me to foster such generosity of character—such originality of mind. I was anxious he should be near me. I urged him to direct his thoughts towards the church. In him I felt assured my fancy-portrait of a country clergyman would find a living illustration. 'Twas not to be! The 'plumed troop and spirit-stirring drum' had captivated his young and ardent temperament; and I, unwilling to thwart his choice, interested myself in procuring him a commission. I was successful. The conscientious, but not slavish adherence with which our family had for years supported Government measures, was admitted and acknowledged; and after a little delay, I received a letter acquainting me that an ensigncy in the —— foot was at my service. As early in the

morning as I felt myself *equal to the interview*, I summoned Marcius to hear the gratifying intelligence. He came not. Another messenger was despatched. There was an unusual delay—a hesitation—an embarrassment I could neither understand nor tolerate. I got irritated. I was then told that Mr. Beresford was no where to be found. After an interval, I learnt that he had quitted Mountsfield immediately after breakfast—and, at last, that LADY MOYSTON HAD ACCOMPANIED HIM! My cup of sorrow was now filled to the brim. The curse of a justly-offended God was tracking my footsteps. His wrath had over-ruled my darling project—crushed my proudest hopes. The only beings that loved me—that cared for me—had abandoned me to my fate. I was now to struggle alone—unpitied—and unheeded into my grave.

'She left me—but I will not blame her. Kind, light hearted, affectionate being, how could I expect she would love one so gloomy, so churlish, so selfish, and misanthropic as myself? No, no, I will not blame her. I deserved her not. Standing on the brink of eternity, I will permit no unkind feeling to mingle with my last recollections of one who was for many years so very dear to me. Thou wilt find, Adela, that in my testamentary dispositions thou art not forgotten; and may'st thou be forgiven at the bar of Heaven as fully and as freely as I forgive thee now!

"I copy her last letter. It reached me a few hours after her departure. It is but justice to herself that I should give it.

"'TO SIR HENRY MOYSTON.

"'I have left you for ever. For years I have been labouring under the agonizing conviction that I no longer possessed your confidence. In vain have I scrutinized my conduct to see where I had

failed in duty or affection. I cannot discover, and you will not point out, how I have forfeited your esteem. I can struggle with it no longer. Your coldness, your indifference, your cruel neglect, have cut me to the soul. But farewell! I have taken nothing with me but what was strictly my own. The pittance which I inherited from my poor mother, and a few articles of personal property, dear to me as having once been hers, are all I have appropriated to myself. My jewels—my wardrobe—my valuables of very description, I have left behind. To them I felt I had no claim. May the future years of your life make amends for the misery which has embittered the past. Yet remember, when left at liberty by divorce to make another choice, that domestic happiness must be founded in domestic confidence.

"'ADELA.'

* * * * *

"I could not sleep alone. Wake when I would it was in agony. The silent and gloomy ravine was continually before me. I heard the roar of the torrent at a distance—the sullen plash of the water as he sunk for ever—saw the supplicating agony of his countenance as he struggled with his fate—caught the echo of his last convulsive shriek for 'help' . could *count* the bubbles as the air escaped from his lungs, and rose to the surface of the water.

* * * * *

"Hubert, my own valet, occupied my dressing-room. I must, in my sleep, have betrayed my secret: or he, waked by my agony, overheard and understood me! Be that as it may, speedily and bitterly did he make me feel his power. Not a syllable ever escaped him; he was silent as the grave; but his insolent air, his arrogant manner, soon gave me

to understand the knowledge he had acquired; and from that hour he never ceased to exercise a thraldrom over me which has crushed me to the dust. I dreaded him. I hated him. *I dared not command him.* And in the midst of luxury—in my own almost princely mansion—with a fortune not many could equal, and a retinue few could boast—*I felt what it was to be a* SLAVE.

"The blow has been struck! Two days since, unable to submit to Hubert's increasing insolence of manner, and irritated by disease, I ventured to reprimand him sharply, and to hint, that were he to obtain his deserts, it would be a free passage from Mountsfield. 'If every one got his due, where would you be? There was a gibbet in my country, twenty years since stood—quite close to my mother's cottage—was that of a man who was hung—for the murder of his only brother!' I fell back on my chair, covered with blood. I had ruptured a blood vessel.

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"I am thankful I have been spared to complete my narrative. To conclude it I have written till midnight. The wind whistles wildly around me. Hark again—it comes borne on the blast—'Henry. dear Henry, save me—save me!'

"A few hours, and I enter upon the world of spirits. God of compassion pity me. The victim of impulse—the slave of ill-regulated passions—guilty, and debased, and degraded as I am—O remember that for me—yes, even for me—a Saviour died!

"*Mountsfield, Friday Evening,*
Feb. 10*th*, 1802."

THE LEADING IDEA.

"The world is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel."

THE LEADING IDEA.

I HAVE seen a good deal of the world. In saying this, I disclaim the remotest intention of considering it as any thing like ground for distinction, or matter of self congratulation, and still more loudly, all idea of boasting an acquaintance with that region of exclusion—that terra incognita—the fashionable world. I mean simply and plainly to say that, from a variety of circumstances, it has been my fate to encounter men of all ranks, and persuasions, and intellects, and dispositions—to see them, not dressed out in their Sunday and holyday garb, when the eyes of all the world were upon them, but in their night gown and slippers; when all their little passions were in play, and all their little manœuvres in operation—when, for once, they appeared as they really were—as nature, and education, and passion, and prejudice, swayed them.

It was some, I don't care to mention how many, years since, that I found myself sojourning under the hospitable roof of a jovial Hampshire Squire. He was a bachelor of the old school; worshipped his glass with a devotion, happily, not very common at the present day; inveighed against matrimony, curtain lectures, and petticoat government; and was ruled, with a rod of iron, by a fiery-faced housekeeper. "Lupsett Hall" was unique in its way. It was stored with bats, and balls, and wickets, of all sizes, sorts, and descriptions; and among the creatures who inhabited it, (for it was always crammed with guests) there was a kind of phraseology current

which utterly baffled my comprehension. There was one phrase which, I thought, would have driven me mad. It was this—"one of the eleven." Morning, noon, and night—at breakfast, dinner, and supper—was this combination of words rung in my ears like a cuckoo-clock's chime; and yet never, no never, could I fathom it. First I thought of the Apostles—that small, but glorious band, to whom Christianity is so deeply, so eternally indebted—and then, when I looked at the rubicund Mr. Matterface and his inflammable housekeeper, Mrs. Rebecca Ticklepenny, I felt morally certain that *they* were not persons likely to be suspected of any intimate acquaintance with sacred history.

I had heard of a "Council of TEN;" and the number of a British jury I well knew was TWELVE; but read what I would, and recollect what I could, no society, company, or body corporate, could I light on whose number precisely amounted to eleven. Meanwhile the flying artillery of the hall went whizzing about as usual: "long stop"—bat's end"—"long hit"—"return match"—"innings"—"short spit"—"good troller." These, and a host of similar phrases, equally as meaning and incomprehensible, were bandied from one to the other as briskly as ever. I thought, and thought, till my brains seemed addled.

My perplexity might have lasted from that day to this, and I myself might have quitted Lupsett as wise as I entered it, had not chance conducted me to my worthy host's den. I saw how matters stood in a trice. Mr. Darcey Matterface was *cricket mad;* or, in the gentler language of one of those sporting myrmidons, who, summer and winter, swarmed at Lupsett, he "was a most intelligent well-informed man, up to any thing and every thing; but his leading idea was the noble game of cricket." His hole of *sanctam sanctaram*, as he would, in utter defiance of all La-

tinity, persist in calling it, is present at this moment to my mind's eye. It was a little room, nine feet by seven, as gloomy, as dusty, and as crowded, as the veriest slattern could desire. The spiders swung themselves about with the most frightful familiarity. The windows appeared to have been cleaned sometime in the last century; and enormous cobwebs bore ample testimony to the fact, that no busy housemaid intruded there, and that no injury was dreaded, save an occasional brush from the privileged Mrs. Ticklepenny. The walls were plastered with records of cricket clubs and cricket matches; portraits of the leading players, and detailed accounts of the innings. The grand match between Eton and Harrow first caught my eye; then came that of Berkshire against Hampshire; and, last of all, Hampshire against the world. Nor were the Fine Arts excluded from this delightful retreat There was a staring print of Lord Strathallan, under which was written in the vilest pot-hooks—"a capital cricketer." Vis-a-vis was a full length of a Mr. Osbaldeston, with the superscription—"Ditto." A most grim and swarthy-looking personage was styled "Mr. Ward, the Isle of Wight's glory;" and frowned defiance upon a "Mr. Lorraine Smith, the best troller in England." There were only two chairs in the SANCTAM, and both were occupied; one bore the weight of a dozen different cricket jackets, the other as many field belts and straw hats. Knee caps and portable drinking horns covered a triangular table in one corner; of burst balls, split bats, and broken wickets, there was a countless collection in the other.

Kind hearted old man, he certainly must have been born with a bat in his hand! With him cricket was a pursuit—a science—a profession. He "boiled with rage to hear it termed a game—an accomplishment." He held it to be the only test of gentlemanly feeling and liberal education. "A good mate" he

hugged to his bosom as he would a brother; and at any time he would have shed his heart's best blood for "one of the eleven."

The day before I left Lupsett, he gave a cricket club dinner. It was one of the merriest, drollest, good humoured meetings I had ever the good fortune to witness. The conversation was at once characteristic and comical. It turned upon Eton—and Eton days—and Eton men—and at length dwelt upon the names of Canning and Wellesley. His Lordship's administration in India was talked of; his brilliant parliamentary efforts were alluded to; and a wish was expressed (this was long previous to his appointment as Viceroy of Ireland) that such splendid talents were employed in strengthening the hands of administration. "Great man, I dare say," shouted Darcey Matterface, "No doubt of it! Before my time! But I've heard him. Blocked well—best long stop in England."

To Canning, the ablest debater of modern times, the transition was easy. Mr. B——n knew him in private life; and quoted several of those happy attempts at wit, and morceaux of exquisite irony, for which the editor of the Microcosm was in early life celebrated. "Glad you like him! Great favourite of mine! Travelled four hundred miles to vote for him at Liverpool. Lost a week's sport by it! Would do so again!" "Do you admire him, Mr. Matterface, as a statesman, or as an orator? His liberal policy, or the epigrammatic point and exquisite flow of his sentences? His support of the Catholic cause, or his classical quotations?" "Fiddlestick's end!" shouted Darcey; "Pshaw! all stuff and nonsense! The best troller in England—swift as a cannon-ball! would break a man's leg any day. Safe mate! Sure scorer. Epi—nonsense! Classi—what? Heaven mend your addle brains I say! Why, bless your heart, HE WAS ONE OF THE

ELEVEN!" "Mr. Darcey," said some one across the table, "is it true that you've presented Mr. Russell with the living of Mapleton?" "How could I do otherwise?" was his bluff reply. "His innings won us the return match. And I was morally certain that such a long hit MUST make a capital Parson."

The next instance which I happened to meet with of "The leading Idea," was in a young man of the name of Edgar Amyatt. He was an ensign in the 11th; and his thoughts, wishes, hopes, and fears, were devoted exclusively to his regiment. I must confess the strain of his conversation was rather too military for me, for it invariably embraced the following topics: Campaign—Picquet—Promotion—Military discipline—K.C.B.—G.B.B.—Bivouacs—Solid square—Scaling ladders—Glory—Honour—Talavera—Waterloo—Colonel Fitzclarence and the 11th. For seven long years did the current of his thoughts run on in the same deep-worn channel. To be sure, he might ring the changes a little differently; and there was, if I remember me, an introduction of two new topics—"Lady Augusta Fitzclarence" and the "Cato-street Conspiracy." Still the burden of the song was the same. "Alas! all that's bright must fade!" His fair promise of fame, and brave, stirring spirit were quenched by "a sneaking yellow fever." Yet the ravages of disease were unable to alter the play of his mind. His last words were Salamanca—Vittoria—Wellington—Lady Augusta Fitzclarence—fine woman, but horribly capricious—never knew one day how you'd find her the next—the future king's son—promotion without purchase—killed and wounded—bloody field—bravely won—glory—honour—Waterloo medal—Colonel Fitzclarence and the officers of the 11th.

With Mr. Simeon—though I differ from him on

many and most important points, yet a very excellent and well-meaning man, I dare say—who that has ever been in company can doubt for an instant, that *his* "leading idea" is the conversion of the Jews? Wherever and whenever that honour has been mine, the restoration of the lost House of Israel has been a standing topic. Mr. Simeon's warmest friends will feel no hesitation in acknowledging that this is the day dream—the leading idea—of his life. I remember being horribly puzzled by a very clever Foreigner—a Pole—now resident at Colchester, who asked me, in serious earnest, whether Mr. Simeon himself was not a converted Jew? and I am by no means sure, up to this very hour, whether I succeeded in persuading him that Mr. Simeon did not ultimately intend going over and settling in Palestine.

"Look at his name—his name—I know dat he be a Jew"—was his invariable reply to all my asseverations—"Yes, yes, he have got a *littel woife*, waiting for him in—what call you—*Platlestoin*."* "No, no—no such thing! He's a fellow of King's. He can't marry. The laws of the Society won't permit him." "Can't marry! Ha! ha! ha! Excusez me. I have seen Mr. Simyoin in de company of ladies. He is far too gallant too attach to de fair sex for dat. Not marry! Mr. Simyoin not marry! Ha! ha! you are SQUEEZING† me, I am sure."

Whoever has visited Cambridge can hardly fail of recollecting Lady ——. The leading idea of *her* life is evidently to do the pretty, say civil things, and make agreeable speeches. But alas! her Ladyship was not infallible; and sometimes, with the very best intentions, she would fail desperately. They relate of her, at Cambridge, the two follow-

* Query *Palestine?* † Probably *quizzing*.

ing stories. I have no reason to discredit either. During a series of concerts, which Catalani gave at the last Grand Commencement, this queen of song was staying with her friend, Mrs. F——. At an evening party at D—— Lodge, Lady —— was invited to meet her. "My dear Madame Catalani, how delighted, how transported I am to see you! When did you arrive? How is Monsieur Valbrique? And your dear little boy?" Catalani changed colour. Her lip quivered, and her fine dark eye filled with tears, as she murmured, "Ah pauvre petit; je l'ai perdu." "What an engaging, interesting, elegant little creature he is!" "Je l'ai perdu!" shrieked the foreigner, in a tone of agony. "Is he indeed?"—Lady ——— has *forgotten* her French —"I'm very happy to hear it! I always said he would turn out something extra-ordinary." "Je l'ai perdu; je l'ai perdu;" said poor Catalani, in a more piercing tone, and with increasing emotion. "Don't exert yourself; yes, yes, I understand you perfectly; well, pray remember me to him very kindly since he's not with you, and say that I offer him my congratulations." "He's dead—he's dead, Lady ——;" said Mrs. F——, impatiently. "Dead! why didn't *somebody* tell me so? Poor little fellow, and so he's dead! Well, I declare, I'm very sorrow for him!* Dead! *That's very surprising!*"

As a companion to this, the knowing ones relate a scene which is credibly affirmed to have been witnessed between her Ladyship and Mrs. Siddons, on her late visit to Cambridge. During the early part of November, 1825, the tragic muse was staying for

* A celebrated musical amateur has assured me "that the name of this interesting child was Theodore; that he was not Catalani's own son, but a little orphan to whom she was passionately attached; that he was thrown upon her protection in early life, in a most mysterious manner; and that there was something highly romantic in the affair altogether. I cannot vouch for these particulars, though I believe them to be true.

a fortnight or three weeks, at —— Lodge. She was stated to be much depressed in spirits, rather shattered in constitution, and at times to mourn very deeply over the loss of her brother. She rallied, however, amid the joyous stirring spirit of the university; and was prevailed upon to indulge the gownsmen with one or two of her readings from Shakspeare. Her celebrated scene in Henry VIII. was one. At one of these delicious treats to the lovers of the drama, Lady —— was present. Intent on being agreeable, she began thus:—"Ah, my dear Mrs. Siddons, what an unexpected gratification to see you at Cambridge! And how do you do; how do you do?" "Better—much better, I'm obliged to ye." "Ah! but you're altered, when one comes to look at you—ve-r-y much altered. Let me see, it must be thirty years ago since poor Sir B—— and myself were first delighted with your Lady Randolph. How life ebbs away! What changes we see!" Mrs. Siddons looked uneasy, and made a faint attempt to escape. "It was poor Edwin's night, I think! Surely that was the Augustan æra of the British stage! Ah, poor Edwin, he's gone! And King—you remember King? he's gone. And Palmer—gentleman Palmer—he's gone. And Dodd,—clever actor, Dodd—he's gone! We live in a world of changes!" Mrs. Siddons looked sad, and was silent. In vain Mrs. F—— coughed, frowned, and assumed that awful scowl with which she awes the S——t into obedience. All in vain. "I've been recollecting," said this indefatigable tormentor, after a pause, "when I saw you last. It must be about fourteen years ago. You were playing your favourite character of Queen Katherine; your gifted brother John, that of Wolsey. What a treat it was. Dear John Kemble! AND HE'S GONE! Mrs. Siddons burst into tears. "Amiable creature,"

said Lady ——, to the astounded bystanders, "what an affectionate heart she has!"

But there is a bright side of the picture too. One does occasionally meet with those who have but one "leading idea"—that of living to their God, and benefiting their fellow mortals. I know of one instance, alas, but too well. It was that of a high-spirited, generous, devoted young man, who, with the strongest and dearest attachments to his native land, became a voluntary exile, for the sake of those whom he felt it his duty to cherish and support. Born to the brightest expectations, they faded in an instant from his view. In England, all was cheerless and desponding—there was no opening—no hope. An appointment to India was offered, and sadly, though gratefully, accepted. In that paradise of self-indulgence—that hotbed of sloth and sensuality—he led a life of the most unvarying and rigid self-denial. Some wondered, others censured, none praised. He was commented upon, pitied, ridiculed; "niggard," "miser," "skinflint," were among the mildest terms which, *in his absence*, were applied to him. He cared not. He was living to a higher power than human opinion; he had motives for his conduct which none were aware of, and few could appreciate. Alike indifferent to the world's censure or applause, he "had respect unto the recompense of reward."

It was not far distant. After twelve years' residence in India he died. Those around him rushed to examine the miser's hoard, to feast their eyes upon his treasures. HE HAD DIED A PAUPER. *He had left behind him barely sufficient to inter his wasted remains.* For years he had supported, in England, a widowed mother and seven sisters in comfort, I may say, in affluence. He lived to close his mother's eyes in peace—to receive her dying blessing, and to enjoy the heartfelt gratification that ease and inde-

pendence had been her's to the last—that every comfort which wealth could procure had smoothed her passage to the grave. To accomplish this, he had chalked out, and followed up, a life of constant privation;—and died a martyr to his sense of duty!

Κοιμαται ιερου υπνου,
μη λεγε τους αγαθους θνησκειν.

A GLIMPSE OF

JOANNA BAILLIE.

"A woman of talent without vanity, and a woman of *no* talents without envy, would be fit for the society of angels."

D'Israeli.

A GLIMPSE OF

JOANNA BAILLIE.

"THERE is a certain dignity," some one has observed, "in retiring from life at a time when the infirmities of age have not sapped our faculties." The remark is beautiful; but it is nothing more than the remark of a philosopher. Is there not something more than dignity in surrendering existence when life is new, and hope beats high—when prospects are bright, and friends are powerful? Something that closely resembles the noblest exercise of virtue, in resigning ourselves to Providence, and leaving our destiny, without a murmur or a sigh, in his hands;—content, on the one hand, to linger longer in this land of shadows, or, on the other, to enter upon that state where passion will no longer obscure the understanding and mislead the judgment; where inequalities of temper will not deform the character; where there will be no collision of private interests, no forgetfulness of duty, no wavering in the pursuit of holiness; where time and sense will cease to exert their debasing influence; where, in a word, there will be the wisdom of angels and the simplicity of children.

Yielding to these impressions, I was touched and softened at seeing at Dawlish, a few days before he died, the son of Professor M——. Life was rapidly ebbing away from him, in that quiet and lovely

little watering place; for symptoms, too plain to be mistaken, of confirmed consumption were stamped upon the features of the victim. Yet though sinking under the ravages of disease, he had comforts from within which the world can neither give nor know; from *without*, which domestic union can alone afford. To the consolations of religion was added the presence of his family;—his father, mother, and sister were with him, paying, with the most devoted affection, those little nameless but grateful attentions which smooth the pillow of a dying bed, and strew with flowers the journey to the tomb.

I called on the Professor, and was shocked and surprised at the change. The last time I had seen him was in his class room at the University of Glasgow, where the memory of his father, one of the most gifted individuals that ever filled a Professor's chair, is deservedly cherished;—and whose work on Civil Government has immortalized his name.

He was now bending in silence to the stroke which impended over him; watching with the feelings of a father, tempered with the fortitude of a man and the resignation of a Christian, the extinction of many a fondly cherished hope; and learning the saddest and sternest of all lessons—that of unqualified submission.

I asked—fearfully and falteringly I remember, for I almost dreaded to hear his answer—after the health of his son. "Much the same," he replied with singular calmness, "his disease is running its course. I fear I have brought him here to die;* but I leave

* There appeared to be truth as well as science in an observation I heard made by the old chambermaid at Veale's Hotel, Dawlish. "Ah, Sir, I've been here seven and twenty years: and I've seen 'em, poor creeturs, come in, in all stages. I've known more than one brought in one evening, and dead before the next morning, and many who have come to us on the Monday, and not lived to see the Saturday! I think I should know something about it by this time! It's all very well, and

him in the hands of his God." The lip rather quivered; the tone was low and feeble; but of turbulent sorrow there was none. With true Scotch hospitality he added, "You will dine with us to-day? Nay—I will listen to no excuses. Mrs. Joanna Baillie and her sister have been kind enough to promise they will spend the day with us on their road to Teignmouth. You have read 'De Montfort' and the 'Plays on the Passions,' I know; and you will not be sorry, I am sure, to see and judge for yourself, in a private circle, of the celebrated authoress." The temptation was irresistible.

There is something exceedingly striking in the appearance of Joanna Baillie. Though she is no longer young, and her features have lost the glow and freshness of youth, the rays of beauty still linger about her countenance, and over its expression the tyrant has had no power. Her face is decidedly tragic—not altogether unlike that of Mrs. Siddons—and capable of pourtraying the strongest and deepest emotion. Her air is lofty and reserved, and if there be a dash of hauteur in her manner, amounting, at times, almost to sternness, there is, on the other hand, something delightfully winning in the tones of her deep, fine voice. Her eye—I hesitated long before I could decide its hue, and after all, I am not quite certain whether it be a dark blue or a hazel—has a most melancholy expression; though time has not quenched its fire, or bent, in the slightest degree, her erect but attenuated form. She appeared about fifty; thin, pale, and dressed with Quakerlike simplicity. And though some might be inclined to say, she is too conscious of her powers, and to quarrel with the precision of her manner,

Devonshire air is very fine, no doubt, for the matter o' that; and it does bravely for the London doctors to talk about; but this is Heaven's truth, that if their lungs be once *tiched* (touched) take 'em where you will, you can't save 'em!"

there is much of the majesty of genius about her, and, in person altogether, she is one, who once seen, is not easily to be forgotten.

Miss Grizzie—so I *think* the Professor styled her—is as complete a contrast to her sister as can well be imagined. She appeared a good-humoured, lively, rattling woman—not altogether indisposed towards the good things of this life—without professions and without pretensions—the beau ideal of an attentive auditor—satisfied to see her sister take the lead in conversation, and possess the ear of the company, without preferring, on her own part, any claim to attention—and ready to acknowledge her superiority and bow to her decision without the slightest feeling of envy or uneasiness.

And the conversation of Joanna Baillie well merited attention. It was indeed charming. More imaginative than argumentative—often highly poetical, and always in good taste—I should style it equi-distant from the dogmatism and learned pedantry of Madame de Stael, and the glitter, and tinsel, and perpetual effort to be striking, of Lady Morgan. There was a description which I well remember she gave us of her visiting the interior of Exeter Cathedral by moonlight—of the witching effect of the sacredness of the place combined with the stillness of the hour—of the tranquillizing feelings which perforce stole over the spectator as he watched the moonbeams, now streaming through the painted windows, now falling in rich gushes over the prelates, and warriors, and nobles who "after life's fitful fever" slept below—how it seemed to hush every turbulent passion—to subdue every unholy feeling—and to recall to the recollection even of the most thoughtless and indifferent "that dim and distant world" where, after the pageantry of life has passed, we must be, and be—for ever. The idea may be mournful, but there is a kind of sublimity mingled with its melancholy.

Under its impression our hearts involuntarily become better; and the cares, and jealousies, and anxieties, and animosities of life, seem to sink unperceived from our bosoms.

I may not do her justice. Indeed, I feel I cannot. But it was a burst of genuine feeling; and only wanted metre to be a passage of the finest poetry.

Nor in recalling the incidents of that memorable evening, must I pass over an anecdote, very sportively told, of the mother of Mrs. Grant, of Laggan.* The old lady—Miss Baillie described her as on the verge of eighty—when the novel of "Waverley" came out, informed her morning visiters in the most confidential manner, and as a very great secret, that "*in reality it was written by her daughter!*" The truth was, she had over and over again been asked if such was the fact; and with the dotage of age had firmly persuaded herself it was so. The garrulity and pertinacity of the old lady—the wonder and amazement of her guests, who hearing the fact strenuously asserted on one side, and as positively denied on the other, knew not what conclusion to arrive at—and the extreme distress and utter confusion of her daughter were most laughably and cleverly depicted.

The same may be said of a little sketch she gave us of a Mrs. Hector Macpherson, an old Scotch lady, who was method and punctuality personified. Alas! in an evil hour she invited a "*niece*" to stay with her, who had never known what it was to be exact in her life! For eight and forty hours the old lady bit her lips, and saw with the air of a martyr her whole household deranged, and every rule she had ever made disregarded, by that "ne'er do weel lassie, her husband's brother's half-sister's child." But on the second morning after her arrival, when

* The intelligent authoress of "Letters from the Mountains."

Mrs. Hector had waited breakfast, for her guest only, an hour and three quarters, she observed in a tone of grave displeasure—"My dear, it is well you are not at the Court of Hayti!" "Hayti, Ma'am?" "Yes, my dear. The Emperor Christophe would have taught you the lesson of punctuality. Exact to an instant himself, he insisted upon precision in others. I well remember, while I resided there, with my husband, seeing one of the black duchesses step out of a prison where she had been confined a week, and whipped twice by order of the Emperor, for *being a quarter of an hour too late at Court!*"

But beyond all question, the greatest treat of the evening was hearing Joanna Baillie discuss the "Waverly Novels." To listen to one highly gifted genius, good-humouredly and yet critically passing an opinion upon the productions of a kindred spirit—and this in no light and common place manner, but with a depth of feeling and solidity of remark, which proved her intimately acquainted with its beauties and keenly alive to its defects—was a matter of no ordinary gratification.

My memory unfortunately will only serve me with a few particulars. The Professor "felt confident that the 'Waverley Novels,' popular as they were, would not go down to posterity;" and stated at some length the grounds on which this opinion was formed. From his premises and conclusion, the Dramatist differed in toto. She was "satisfied they would last as long as the English language should endure." She "felt some degree of difficulty in persuading herself they were all written by the same person; and this, as much from their extreme inequality, as from the rapidity with which they succeeded each other." I laughed in my sleeve at this last observation, as peculiarly characteristic of the woman;—for Miss Baillie, as the Edinburgh Review quaintly enough observed, at the beginning of a most unmerciful review of her

"Plays on the Passions," Miss Baillie "writes very slowly." "Ivanhoe" she placed first, as the most faultless; and next, though at a considerable interval, "Guy Mannering."*

O Genius! thou bright emanation of the Divinity—thou brilliant straggler from another world—daily dost thou present to us a striking exemplification that "man was created in the image of his Maker," after "his likeness!" If thou art here, in this land of frailty and imperfection, so lovely and so attractive, what wilt thou be in that other and glorious world, where intellect will be progressive through eternity—where thou wilt still be going on unto perfection through endless duration—where the just will quench their thirst for knowledge at the parent stream? Away, away with the chilling system of the heartless materialist! Man *has* a soul—a soul capable of the noblest exercises—a soul susceptible of the tenderest emotions and loftiest aspirations—a soul to which light and knowledge are as food and nourishment—a soul educating for eternity, and imperishable even when creation's knell is ringing!

'Tis a cheering, 'tis a heart-stirring prospect! HERE in the infancy of our being—educating to be holy—our knowledge is suited to our state of imper-

* I remember hearing from Mr. Constable's lips, in the year 1819, that "Guy Mannering" was the author's favourite; but which, singular enough to say, had up to that time sold the worst. At the very same time I was gratified with a sight of the MS. of "Waverley," in the state, I was assured, in which it had been placed in Mr. Constable's hands by the author, and passed through the press. Most certainly the hand-writing was not Sir Walter Scott's. Of this I had an opportunity of judging the same afternoon, when I was shown, splendidly bound in morocco, (quarto) the MSS. of "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake." At least two-thirds of the former had been written on loose sheets of paper, and sent from London in franks. It was a great curiosity. First as containing many stanzas which were subsequently omitted, altered, or very differently arranged; and, secondly, as forming a most interesting collection of autographs of many celebrated political characters of the day. I believe I am correct in stating they belonged to Mr. David Constable, the Advocate, Mr. Constable's eldest son. At least, I saw them in his library, ranged among his own books.

fection. THERE we shall be admitted to the full blaze of intellectual light—the full discovery of those heavenly mysteries, which will constitute one of the blissful employments of a glorified spirit. HERE our faculties are miserably defective. THERE they shall attain to angelic capacity. HERE we are in a state first of immaturity and then of decay; harassed with affliction and care, toil and temptation. THERE the soul, freed from the shackles of her earthly prison-house, will "see" no longer "through a glass darkly;" but kindling anew her energies in the presence of her God, will know no check to knowledge, and attain a fulness and perfection of her powers, boundless as the benevolence of the Deity, and eternal as the source from which it springs.

A DAY AT OLNEY.

"That Ocean you have late survey'd,
Those rocks I too have seen;
But I, afflicted and dismay'd,
You, tranquil and serene.

Your sea of troubles you have past,
And found the peaceful shore;
I, tempest toss'd and wreck'd, at last
Come home to port no more!"

Cowper's Address to Newton.

A DAY AT OLNEY.

"Movemur, nescio quo pacto, locis ipsis, in quibus eorum quos diligimus aut admiramur, adsunt vestigia," says Cicero; and with a volume of Cowper in my pocket, I went to Olney. The drive from Woollaston to Olney is beautiful. It was one of the loveliest days of a lovely spring; the sun not darting his rays with burning fervour, but beaming with a genial warmth that gladdened and enriched the landscape. The air of voluptuous repose which rested on the scene—the whispers of the partly foliaged grove falling on the ear of fancy like the tones of dear and distant friends whom the rude jostles of the world have severed from us for ever—all disposed the mind to serious contemplation, and led it up to "Nature's God." Ah! if in this fallen and faded world of ours there is so much to love and admire, what must be the glories of that world beyond the grave which God has prepared for those that love him, and which will be the Christian's eternal home!

"And this is Olney, Cowper's Olney," said I to myself, as we drove past a row of shabby cottages and entered the market-place. Here, then, in this quiet little town, where scarcely a trace of human bustle is perceptible, and commerce seems unknown,

the "stricken deer that left the herd,* withdrew and wooed and won the muse." And gazing around me with feelings of excited curiosity, I pulled up at the Bull. To those who are "genuine pilgrims," who care not for being magnificently accommodated, and whose object in their rambles is more to see than to be seen, let me recommend my little inn at Olney. To be sure, you have not wax lights, as at the Plough, Cheltenham, or the profound bows of the waiters as at York House, Bath; but then one meets with quiet and attention, a rational bill, very fair accommodation, and a landlady who takes pride in "the place of her habitation," and possesses, as Dr. Chalmers would phrase it, "an intimate and abiding knowledge of its localities."

"Direct me to ——" "Cowper's garden, I dare say," said she, catching my idea, and replying with the greatest briskness. "Ah, God bless him! *he's* one of the best friends we *have!* You see that brick house—(a little more this way, Sir, there, you'll catch it now)—opposite Lovell's, the linen-draper, and nearly fronting the old elm tree—that's where Cowper lived, Sir; his garden belongs to Mr. Aspray, the doctor. Only send in your card, Sir, and he'll be delighted to show it you! A nice fat gentleman, and a very safe doctor, is Mr. Aspray!"

To this "nice fat gentleman" I forthwith repaired; and, having sent in my name, was, without difficulty or delay, admitted into Cowper's garden. It is now divided and occupied by two different parties; but the portion belonging to Mr. Aspray is by far the largest and most interesting. It was very prettily laid out and in excellent order. We sat for a few moments in the poet's summer-house, where, from

* "I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since. With many an arrow deep infixt
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades."
The Task, Book IV.

April to October, he generally spent his mornings, and in which no inconsiderable part of his poems were composed. It is low, and of very limited dimensions, but conveys an idea of snugness, and commands the whole of the garden, and a very pretty peep at the church. The poet's harbour at the extremity of the broad gravel walk, now, alas! fast falling to decay—the golden russets which he planted, and invariably pruned—(by the way, a small twig from one of them I ventured to appropriate)—the door of communication, opened in the wall, for the purpose of facilitating his intercourse with Newton; —all these relics of the bard were one by one pointed to us by Mr. Aspray, who acted Cicerone on the occasion. And a most amusing one he was! The anxiety he discovered to find out "where we came from, and all about us"—the air of bustle and importance with which he rolled about his premises—the glee which beamed in his full, round, good-humoured face as it *shone under the influence of a very warm sun*, in a straw hat of Brobdignag proportions, added to the merry twinkle of his eye, formed a portrait irresistibly diverting.

He assured us—and looking at the man, and the liquid state in which we found him, we could well believe it—that it "was no sinecure to be the possessor of Cowper's garden! Hardly a day passes over my head, in the summer season, that one or more parties don't ask to see it—Quakers especially; I believe, in my conscience, that for the last dozen years, not a Quaker or Quakeress has passed within 20 miles of Olney, without making it his or her business to see Cowper's garden."

Fare thee well, thou fattest and merriest of Cicerones! Long may'st thou flourish the "Oracle of Olney;" long monopolize the cure of bodies for "twenty miles around!"

On leaving Cowper's garden, we proceeded to

follow up some traces of the poet which are still fondly remembered and readily pointed out by the inhabitants of Olney. Among these is a narrow, lonely track across the meadows, singularly secluded from public gaze, and well remembered as "Cowper's ramble;" the spot where the incident is said to have occurred which gave rise to the fable of "The dog and the water-lily;"* and the strip of green sward where Cowper is known to have paced up and down many a summer evening, listening with intense but quiet feeling to the distant music of Weston bells.†

Having well scanned all these objects, we took a hurried peep of Weston Underwood, where the poet spent so many happy hours, and of which memorable mention is so repeatedly made in his memoirs. It is distant about a mile and a half from Olney. The "hall" is a most venerable looking pile—built about the time of Elizabeth—embosomed in woods, situated at a short distance from a carriage road, standing upon an eminence, and commanding a most lovely view of the surrounding country; its lawn and shrubberies kept in the most admirable order, and every thing *parkish* about it: it appeared to me to convey altogether the most complete idea of the residence of an old English Family. The walks about it are beautiful. There is one so completely shaded by trees as to give no bad idea, even at noon

* It is about one hundred yards below the bridge, where the stream somewhat widens. The lilies were already beginning to display their green leaves on the surface of the water.

† "How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on!"
* * * * *
"Again the harmony comes o'er the vale,
And thro' the trees I view th' embattled tower,
Whence all the music."

The Task, Book VI.

day, of Academus' "sacred shade." It was the poet's favourite resort when he visited Weston; and has obtained the distinguished appellation of "Cowper's Walk." If I mistake not, at no very great distance was the poplar grove, whose fall he has immortalized in song.*

The possessor of the hall, Sir George Throckmorton—I have learnt his death since I begun this paper—was described to us as a most rigid and scrupulous Catholic, but so amiable—so accessible to the poor and needy, of such boundless benevolence and open-handed charity, that although of a different communion, I would fain cherish the hope that his "prayers and his alms have gone up for a memorial before God."

There were, however, associations connected with Olney possessing a different, though scarcely inferior interest, which induced me to linger there an hour or two longer, and bend my steps in a different direction. I could not forget that it had been the scene of the labours of two as singular and extraordinarily gifted men as the Church of England ever included in her ranks: and though I differed conscientiously from them both, yet I could appreciate the merits and the usefulness of each. I allude to Scott and Newton; and it was with no ordinary curiosity that I viewed the church and pulpit which they had successively filled. It is a curious fact—though there are those who will not hesitate to pronounce it a natural consequence of the promulgation of those principles which they professed—that at

* "The poplars are felled, farewell to the shade,
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade;
The winds play no longer, and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I last took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew;
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat, that once lent me a shade."
Cowper, Vol. II.

Olney where Newton and Scott so long and so industriously laboured; where the stream of private benevolence under their auspices and apparently from their resources flowed in such a deep and unbroken current;* where no exertions were spared to shame sin and inculcate holiness; and where we may fairly suppose there were two such favourable specimens of Church of England clergymen—there should have been a continually increasing body of dissenters most unfavourably disposed towards the Establishment, and most hostile to the views of her ministers; and that from this *enlightened spot*, after years of indefatigable labour, Newton and Scott were successively obliged to retire, owing to the "incorrigible spirit that prevailed!"†

That Newton was a most extraordinary man no one that has read his memoirs can deny. His life from beginning to end is a romance. There is nothing in it that seems to belong to the sober biography of a private individual. Yet such is its enchanting interest, that I should pity that man who could sit down to its wonderful details, and rise from their perusal unsubdued and unimpressed—who could

* Mr. Thornton allowed Newton 200*l.* annually for charitable purposes, with permission to draw on him if he wanted more. "*Mr. N. told me he thought he had received of Mr. T. upwards of* 3,000*l. in this way.*"—(*Cecil's Life of Newton, p.* 143.) I must in candour say I am not sure whether on Newton's removal from Olney this munificent allowance was continued to Mr. Scott. I find no mention of it in his life.

† "I have lived to bury the old crop, on which any dependence could be placed. I believe I should never have left Olney had not so incorrigible a spirit prevailed in a parish I had so long laboured to reform."—Newton, see *Cecil's Life*. These are Newton's sentiments —now for Scott's. "I cannot, and need not convey to others a particular account of all things which render the thoughts of spending my days at Olney painful to me. There are above two thousand inhabitants in this town, *almost all* CALVINISTS, *even the most debauched of them!* The inhabitants are become like David, wiser than their teachers—that is, they think themselves so; and *have learned to stupify their conscience—vindicate their sloth and wickedness—and shield off conviction.*" Pretty strong statement this! "As for myself, I am very unpopular in this town, and preach in general to small congregations." —*Scott's Life, p.* 206-7-15.

throw the book carelessly aside without a single comment on the mercy and forbearance and long suffering of the Deity,—and coolly criticise its contents without regarding it as a memorable "instance of the providential care and exuberant goodness of God." What *can* be a greater tissue of improbabilities? That a man whose early life had been a course of the most determined depravity—who deserted from his ship—was recovered and "conducted through the streets of Plymouth, guarded like a felon"—"kept in irons"—"stripped, and publicly whipped"—degraded to the level of a common seaman—then subsequently a slave driver on a pretty island in Africa, and in such abject circumstances, as to "go pensive and solitary in the dead of night to wash his single shirt upon the rocks, and afterwards put it on wet, that it might dry upon his back while he slept;"—that this man should be arrested in his career—plucked from his forlorn state of exile—recovered and brought back to God—and appointed "minister of the parish of the first magistrate of the first city in the world"—are circumstances which have no parallel in any history, sacred or profane, that I am acquainted with.

Whether he preached altogether the doctrines of the Church of England, as expressed in her Articles, may perhaps be a subject of fair discussion, nor do I take upon myself to assert that there might not be a dash of fanaticism here and there visible in his sermons: but if ever a man was earnest and sincere —anxious to reclaim the profligate and arouse the careless—if ever there was a man devoted to his profession, who laboured heart and soul in his calling—that man was Newton. He could be no ordinary man—he could be no everyday Christian, who could not only give birth to but *act* upon this benevolent sentiment: "I see in this world two heaps of human happiness and misery; now if I can take

but the smallest bit from one heap, and add to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a child has dropped a half penny, and if, by giving it another, I can wipe away its tears, I feel I have done something. I should be glad indeed to do greater things, but I will not neglect this." He could be no inactive, indolent, half in earnest clergyman, who, at the age of fourscore, and in declining health, when urged to discontinue his public ministration, made this reply, "I CANNOT STOP! WHAT," said he, raising his voice, "SHALL THE OLD AFRICAN BLASPHEMER STOP WHILE HE CAN SPEAK?"

His conversational powers were great. He appears to have been in society one of the most amusing, instructive, engaging companions that can well be imagined; and to have possessed, in no common degree, like Buonaparte, the art of conciliating those, who not only opposed his views and disliked his principles, but entertained a personal antipathy to him as a man. Of this I heard an instance from one who had known him well and long. Mr. Lea—late an Alderman of London—had long been a constant attendant at St. Mary Woolnoth, and towards the close of Mr. Newton's life, regularly sent his carriage to convey him to church. The Alderman's coachman was, like most of his class, rather a gay liver—a careless and indifferent fellow—and was never supposed to have much feeling about religion, or attachment to Mr. Newton till the time of his decease. He then went to the executors, and begged most earnestly, as a very great favour, that he might be permitted to drive the hearse. "For many years it has been the pride of my life to drive the good old man to his church," said he, in a tone of feeling, it was impossible to mistake, "do pray, let me drive him there for the last time." His request was complied with.

But after all, though I consider Newton as a won-

derful man; wonderful—as to the depths of profligacy from which he was rescued; wonderful—in the degree of earnestness, and activity, and zeal, and sincerity, by which his after life was characterized; wonderful—as to the station to which it pleased Providence to elevate him; I view him as a man rather to be admired than followed. I know I am venturing on very debatable ground. Be it so. I state my opinion candidly, and it is this: That Newton's career, taken as a whole,* is far better calculated for supplying food for meditation and reflection than for affording a subject for individual imitation. And I should hold that minister or that man, not only weak in intellect and wanting in judgment, but possessing a most overweening estimate of his powers, who would make Newton's life a model for his own.

* As a specimen of the occasional perversion of his views, and the distorted medium through which he would not unfrequently regard the most innocent amusements, take the following original and characteristic sketch of an Oratorio. "I represent to myself a number of persons involved in one common charge of high treason—in a state of confinement—but not yet brought to trial. The facts, however, are so plain, and the evidence so strong, that there is not the least doubt of their guilt. Nothing short of a pardon can preserve them from punishment. In this situation, it should seem their wisdom to avail themselves of every expedient in their power to obtain mercy. But they are entirely regardless of their danger—wholly taken up with amusing themselves—and passing away the term of their imprisonment with as much cheerfulness as possible. Among other resources, they call in the assistance of music; and amidst a great variety of subjects in this way, they are particularly pleased with one. They choose to make the solemnities of their impending trial—the character of their Judge—the methods of his procedure—and the awful sentence to which they are exposed—what?—why—*the groundwork of a musical entertainment!* And, as if *they were quite unconcerned in the event*, their attention is chiefly fixed upon the skill of the composer, in adapting the style of his music to the solemnity of the subject. The King, however, sends them a gracious message; assures them that he is unwilling they should suffer; and offers them a free and full pardon. *But instead of taking a single step towards a compliance with his goodness; they set his message, likewise, to music!* And this, together with a description of their present state, and of the fearful doom awaiting them, IS SUNG FOR THEIR DIVERSION! accompanied with the sound of cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of instruments! Surely if such a case as I have supposed could be found in real life, though I might admire the musical taste of these people, I should commiserate their insensibility." *Newton's Messiah.*

Of Scott, Newton's successor in the cure of Olney, I beg to be considered in all that I may say, as speaking of him as a man and a Christian, not as a clergyman or a divine. I have strong and personal reasons for adopting this course. In the first place, I AM NO CALVINIST, and differ from him most materially upon more than one important question; in the next, his age and his piety—his vast experience, and his biblical acquirements—compared with my own youth and short period of service—should lead me to be very diffident in what I venture to assert respecting him; and lastly, why should I turn to contested and controverted points where there is so much to applaud, admire, and imitate?

Be his creed what it might his practice was unexceptionable. I know few pieces of biography more interesting, none more deserving a candid perusal from every young clergyman, than his life written by his intelligent and affectionate son, the vicar of St. Mary's, Hull. His manly, straight-forward, uncompromising line of conduct—his disdain at all times, and under all circumstances, of subterfuge, ambiguity, and reserve—his abhorrence of "*policy*, and *trimming*, and *expediency*," when a slight recourse to either would have improved his circumstances, and when his situation would have been in the eyes of many a sufficient excuse—his active and unwearied benevolence—his anxiety to be useful—his cheerful struggle through life with poverty and disappointment—an increasing family and decreasing means—the unlimited trust which he reposed in the goodness of God, and the manner in which he flew to him on all occasions—are most delightful traits in his character.

That man's heart must have glowed with the noblest feelings, who, during a period of great distress from an accession of fever, summoned his son to his bedside, and said, "it was time for planting his usual

crop of potatoes for the poor, and begged that his two eldest sons would take steps for doing it in a manner best calculated to secure the benefit to those for whom it was intended after his decease."* Yet this trait, illustrative as it is of the unbounded benevolence of a *poor man*, is inferior in interest to another equally as touching, quite as extraordinary, and on the whole more characteristic of him as *a Christian.* "He mentioned the wonderful way in which his prayers for others had been answered; and seemed to derive comfort from the reflection. *He thought he had failed less in the duty of* INTERCESSION *than in any other!*"† What unbounded philanthropy does this evince! As far as my own reading goes I am acquainted with the life of no man, however good and great, where we shall meet with a similar declaration! And how very few there are among us who can venture to say *any thing* for ourselves on this head!

With such vivid impressions of the merits of these remarkable men, wonder not, gentle reader, that I ferretted out the sexton, got hold of the keys, and hurried him off to the church. It is that of a quiet country parish. There is nothing very particular or attractive about the exterior; it stands, to my delight, apart and away from the town, with the vicarage close by it. The interior is clean and neat; one of its most remarkable features is a gallery, which bears the record that it was built for the singers in 1723, by Matthew Marryott, "at his proper cost"—sexton of this parish. Now this, I take it, is not a very ordinary object. Either sextons were better off in those days, or they were far more liberal than their brethren are at present; for I hold it would be difficult to find, in any other church in his Majesty's three kingdoms, a singing gallery built "at the sole cost and expense of the sexton."

The chancel is neatly fitted up with forms, and a

* Life. Page 513. † Life. Page 542.

small reading desk for a weekly lecture preached there. But to me the gem of the building was the pulpit. It is a noble piece of dark old oak, very finely carved, and occupies—by the way not a very common feature in modern churches—a position equally favourable for the voice of the preacher and the ear of the hearer. It fronts the pew where Lady Austin sat, and Cowper, when he could prevail on himself to enter the House of God. "It was not often," said the clerk; "the oldest man in Olney can only recollect his coming twice—and that was in Mr. Newton's time. I don't think he ever heard Mr. Scott!"

Well, thought I, after I had minutely scanned every object in the sacred building—seated myself in the poet's pew—inspected the monument of Mr. Brown and the subsequent vicars of Olney—and flattered myself I could carry away in my mind's eye a tolerably correct idea of Olney church—to my cousin Graham, who taunts me with never having reached further in my travels than the South of France—who dwells on his hairbreadth escape from the fall of an avalanche—who talks of the Vale of Chamouny till the tears stand in his eyes, and in a tone of plaintive melancholy calls me "an object of universal pity" because I have never heard the organ at Haerlem, or stood on the glacier of Mont Blanc;—to him all this would be utterly uninteresting! He would travel from Land's End to Long Town, and cry, "'tis all barren!"

But to me, a poor country curate tied to my parish, with few opportunities, and those at long intervals, of running about the world, 'tis something to have walked in Cowper's garden, sat in Cowper's summer-house, and stood in the pulpit from which Newton bounced and Scott "scolded!"*

* Just as I was going up into the pulpit, he said to me in a whisper, '*Don't scold my people as I hear you do yours at Olney.*"

Scott's Life.

THE

RICHES OF THE CHURCH.

"While I resided at Oxford and saw such a conflux of youth to their annual admissions, I have often studied and admired why their parents would, under such mean encouragement, design their sons for the church, and those the most towardly, and capable, and select geniuses among their children; who must needs have emerged in a secular life. I congratulated indeed the felicity of your Establishment, which attracted the choice youth of your nation for so very low pay; but my wonder was at the parents, who generally have interest and wealth the first thing in their view, till at last one of your state lotteries ceased my astonishment. For as in that a few glittering prizes of 1,000*l.*, 5,000*l.*, and 10,000*l.*, among an infinity of blanks, drew troops of adventurers, who, if the whole had been equally ticketed, would never have come in:—so a few shining dignities in your church, prebends, deaneries, bishopricks, are the pious fraud that induces the parents to risk their children's fortune in it. Every one hopes his own will get some great prize in the church, and never reflects on the thousands of blanks in poor country livings. *And it is this part of our Establishment that makes our clergy excel. Do but once level all your preferments, and you will soon be as level in your learning.*"

Dr. Bentley—Philalentherus Lipsiensis.

THE

RICHES OF THE CHURCH.

"And pray," said I, to the little grave-looking personage who ambled along beside me, "how is your church served?" "Why, Sir, we have three services on the Sunday, and a week-day lecture." "Much parochial duty?" "A very tolerable share, Sir." "What may be the population of Olney?" "Not far short of *three thousand.*" "The living, then, is a good one." "Eighty pounds a year, and the patron, Earl Darmouth, makes it a hundred." "But from such a population, the surplice fees surely cannot be inconsiderable?" "One year with another they pay the taxes of the vicarage house. This I have from the vicar's own lips." Here, thought I, is a fresh text for Mr. Hume to dilate upon the "riches of the church!" *A benefice charged with the care of a flock, in number not much under three thousand, and actually worth* one hundred a year! "Your vicar," said I, pursuing my inquiries, "is a single man?" "Oh, no, Sir—he has seven* children, and Mrs. G—— is in very indifferent health."

But, perhaps, it may be said—"this is a singular, almost a solitary instance." By no means. I could

* The number was either seven or eleven. Fearful of overstating, I have said the former.

match it with many others. I would instance one in particular. I happen to know something of a parish where there is a population of eight hundred, willing and anxious to be instructed—and a church, for size and beauty, rarely equalled. The patronage of the living is vested in the LAY IMPROPRIATOR—a man of wealth—a man of taste—and a Member of Parliament. To him belong the tithes. He derives from them an income exceeding seven hundred a year; and generously allows his minister out of it no less a stipend than—pray listen, my Lord King—FORTY POUNDS PER ANNUM!

But his goodness does not terminate at this point! He is kind enough to let his minister a house—so damp and delightful, that you may sit in any room you please in it during the three winter months, and sing "with verdure clad the walls appear!"—and for this accommodation—so suitable to an old man of seventy—he, as a matter of favour, deducts only eight pounds half yearly from his minister's pittance, and thus reduces a nominal stipend of forty pounds to twenty-four pounds per annum. I grant that the living claims and obtains Queen Anne's bounty. The clergyman's income, after every addition, falls short of the wages paid without a murmur by the self-same individual to his own butler.

It is a most afflicting circumstance, and one never contemplated by the Legislature, that the Curates' Act does not affect the lay impropriator. It obliges all incumbents instituted after July, 1813, to pay to their curates a stipend regulated by the value and population of the living. But the lay impropriator, enjoying all the benefits of church property, and none of its disadvantages, it does not, alas! reach. In undisturbed possession of the tithes—subject to no outgoings—burthened with no repairs of the parsonage house—and leaving his family exposed to no claims for dilapidations—the lay impropriator alone may set its provisions at defiance.

But I am digressing from my subject. Lord King, that most mild and gentlemanly speaker,* and Mr. Hume, that most correct calculator, continually talk of the "enormous and overgrown wealth of the Church of England." Let us see in what this "enormous and overgrown wealth" consists. I begin with the beneficed clergy. Of benefices in England, notwithstanding the unceasing operation of Queen Anne's bounty, there are still more than five thousand whose annual income does not exceed two hundred pounds a year. There are upwards of four thousand under a hundred and fifty; and more than three thousand under a hundred. Strange that the public attention should be so unceasingly directed towards a few bright spots, filled by highly-connected individuals, or bestowed as the reward of literary labour or theological research; and invariably diverted from the lonely parish cure where the spiritual labourer eats with contented humility his scanty morsel, and drops—though not unlamented—into the grave.

But I can carry my scale of ecclesiastical penury still lower. There are more than two thousand benefices under eighty pounds per annum, and there are no less than a thousand under fifty. My Lord King, what an "INEXHAUSTIBLE EXCHEQUER OF CHURCH BRIBERY" this is! What a fund to reward "driveling turncoats," and "base obsequiousness," Mr. Hume! Fifty pounds a year for a man—a gentleman both by birth and profession—to subsist on, whose education at college and preparation for orders, must at the lowest computation have cost him eight hundred! Fifty pounds a year! Why a journeyman mechanic—one of your own dear operatives, for whom you have nightly torn your own

* His Lordship is fully entitled to this epithet, were it only for the manner in which he once spoke of the bishops—"*those amphibious animals in lawn sleeves.*"

lungs to pieces, and worn out every body around you—would scorn such a sum as a year's wages. I remember when I held a curacy in Northamptonshire—I crave your attention, Mr. Hume—an operative coming to me during a *strike*, and begging relief. By the way, he was, both in practice and principle, a man after your own heart—a subscriber to your piece of plate—and *his* testimony you will of course credit. He assured me he was in the utmost extremity; that his wife and child were almost starving. I asked him what had been his wages, and whether he had made any saving. I pressed him upon this score, as from his appearance, and the intelligence of his answers, it struck me he was "*a good hand.*" "*Why, Sir, I had only seven and twenty shillings a week, and what was that to support myself and my wife and child?*" Well, thought I, as I handed him the scanty relief which I felt justified in giving, "many and many a beneficed clergyman, on an income far inferior to that, labours early and late, anxiously and sorrowfully, in the vineyard of his Lord; and supports the while, without a murmur or a sigh, a wife, and thrice as many claimants on a father's love!" And such a man, in your phraseology, is a "base hireling" Well, it may be so: but his wages truly—as far as this world is concerned—are small. For shame! For shame!

Such, then, are the "riches of the church!" The next question is, how they are spent. Lord King declares, in "luxury" and "extravagance." Now, I assert, in utter contempt and defiance of open accusation and secret insinuation, that a very large proportion is devoted to charity. Who come forward more readily and so successfully on all occasions of public distress as the clergy? I put it to Mr. Hume at once, and say, there is no scheme of benevolence—no class of human sufferers or form of human wretchedness, to whose relief the clergy

do not largely and liberally and cheerfully contribute —often beyond their means. I once encountered a modern reformer—a man of no mean intellect or inconsiderable share of information, and altogether a very fair sample of the party to which he belonged. He was constantly insisting on liberty and equality, and the veriest tyrant in his own counting-house and family that ever breathed; a zealous admirer of "liberal feeling and mild forbearance, especially towards the needy,"—and the most stern and severe exactor of the uttermost farthing that was due to him, that a poor trembling creditor ever sued to; a declaimer on all occasions against the "pride and hauteur of the great," and an unceasing advocate for suavity of temper and sweetness of disposition —his own was such, that his wife trembled in his presence, and his making his appearance by one door in the drawing-room was the signal for his younger children leaving it by the other. Such was Mr. ——, a Gainsborough reformer, who told me, he only "wished Mr. Hume was Chancellor of the Exchequer; he would seize upon church property in a lump, and apply it to pay the national debt." "As my friend Hume says, the clergy roll in riches; and what do they do with it?" "Look at your native town,"* said I, "and see. Take any one of its local charities, and calculate what proportion the clergy contribute to its support. I begin with the Infirmary. If you will but take the trouble to cast your eye over the balance-sheet, and glance at the list of donors and subscribers, legatees and benefactors, you will find that the clergy, directly and indirectly, bear a proportion of more than one-third." "Well," said he, "I believe you're right there: but you say 'directly and indirectly;' now I cannot permit you to include the sums obtained at collec-

* Hull—to which he was returning.

tions. Those the clergy beg, they don't give." "Granted: but would those sums be raised without them? Vituperate them as you will, you must not overlook the impulse they give to public charity. Their time—their talents—their energies, are all, in any period of emergency, at the service of the distressed. If I concede, on the one hand, that the sums collected do not come out of their pocket, you must admit, on the other, that many a thousand pounds in the shape of the poor man's shilling or sixpence, and the 'topping tradesman's' half-crown, swells the amount of the fund, which would never have found its way there, but for the channel and opportunity thus afforded. You forget the Waterloo fund—the subscriptions for the sufferers in Germany—and that for the starving Irish?* When, and upon what occasion, were the clergy ever silent, and I may add, ever unsuccessful?" "No matter for that. If only Joseph Hume was in office! He'd soon sell your churches. He likes the clergy as little as I do!" "Probably he may: but you must not hazard these sentiments in Hull. They will hardly do there." "I know that," says he, with a wink of his eye which he intended to look clever, and he succeeded in looking cunning, "they are too many for me there! There's a great deal too much of the '*New Light*.'" Other remarks followed, but I suppress them. *He is "gone to his reward!"*

Still the question remains unanswered how these "riches of the church" are spent? Do the clergy amass wealth? With what portions do they leave their families? Let the "Clergy Orphan Society," the "Adult Orphan Institution," the "Society for the Relief of Clergymen, and Widows, and Children of

* I may now add, the Suffering Manufacturers. I would, as a mere matter of curiosity, refer the reader to the very large amount which the clerical collections bear to the sum total subscribed.

Clergymen," answer this question. Let the Provident Society which the Bishop of Chester* has started in his own diocess, and the plans continually agitated for amending the destitute condition of deceased clergymen's families, reply to this query. It is an indisputable fact that the members of no profession in England leave their widows and children in such deplorable circumstances as those of the ecclesiastical. Here, indeed, the Establishment may claim a melancholy pre-eminence in poverty and privation, in sorrow and suffering.

I am not drawing an exaggerated picture. How do we find the widow and family of an incumbent situated after the husband and father has been removed? We find the former not unfrequently in an almshouse, or keeping a village day-school—happy, indeed, if she can obtain an asylum in Bromley, or Newton, or Partis College, where wealth has been so nobly appropriated to cheer the last days of those who belong to the "Household of Faith." We see the latter, if sons, assistants to wholesale haberdashers, or standing behind the counter of large retail grocers; we meet with the daughters—milliners, not unfrequently as upper lady's-maids, fortunate, indeed, if they can obtain the painful situation of companion to some professed and capricious valetudinarian, to weep and submit in silence—or the more respectable, though scarcely less painful, post of governess to a set of headstrong and over-indulged children.†

* I would refer the reader, and particularly the clerical reader, to the admirable letter of the Rev. H. H. Hale, preacher at the Charter House, addressed to the Bishop of Chester; and to the printed prospectus, for the minute details of which the clergy are mainly indebted to that gentleman.

† "If these pages should ever fall into the hands of any who have an influence over the happiness of young persons similarly situated, let me entreat for them that consideration, indulgence, and tenderness, which the mothers would desire that their own daughters should experience, if the relative positions were reversed. Which of you, the richest, the

For the same afflicting dispensation of Providence, be it ever remembered, which renders the clergyman's wife a widow and her children fatherless, leaves them at the same time helpless and houseless, dependent on the bounty of others. It cannot be otherwise. The country clergyman, in nine cases out of ten, is necessitous through life. His income is rarely sufficient for the present subsistence, and utterly inadequate to the future provisions of his children. For be it recollected, in considering the case of the clergy, that while he is ranked, as the interests of religion require he should be ranked, in the very highest grade of civilized society, he is forbidden by the severest penalties from engaging in any secular pursuit which, while it would furnish provisions for his family on the one hand, would, on the other, desecrate his sacred avocations and derogate from the dignity of his calling. And hence it so frequently, I may say so continually, happens, and I am still speaking of beneficed clergymen, that the family of the best, and worthiest, and most exemplary among them, are obliged, in silent sorrow, to earn a livelihood, for which their previous habits, and pursuits, and expectations, alike contribute to disqualify them.

To the CURATE the preceding observations will apply with equal force. Rarely is his stipend sufficient for his own support; and if he die in the subordinate station which he occupies in God's spiritual field, he must *inevitably* leave to the care of his Master and the compassion of his brethren, "a destitute widow and a portionless family."

But granted that his purity of life is appreciated

most elevated, and the most highly-favoured now, can be sure that this change may never take place? We live in a world whose characteristic may be said, at all times, to be mutability; and in this our day, the alternations seem to be more than usually appalling."

A Word in Favour of Female Schools. By a Lady.

—his modest merit perceived—and, after a long probation, rewarded;—has it never happened that preferment has come too late; and that with the powers of life exhausted, and a frame enfeebled by previous exertion, the servant of God sinks, "ready for Heaven, into an early and lamented grave?"

I could say more—much more—on the subject; but my heart fails me. I prefer referring to the minutes of the Society for the Relief of Aged and Necessitous Clergymen, and quoting from the mass of cases a few which have particularly struck me. The reader will, perhaps, bear in mind that there is no fiction here;—the sorrows I quote have been sustained—the poverty I depict has been endured. It is a running comment to the text of "*The Riches of the Church.*"

I.

"I remain in circumstances similar to those of last year, though not exactly in all points the same, for a gracious God has sent me an increase of family. Though Mrs. ——— has been the mother of thirteen, I cordially welcome the last, and as it is a boy I give him to his God. I have a family of ELEVEN persons to support, in a most expensive situation, upon £130 per annum—the whole amount of my income."

II.

——— "I am still Curate of ———, have A WIFE AND TEN CHILDREN, seven of whom are wholly dependent on me. My curacy is BARELY FIFTY POUNDS PER ANNUM; five of my little ones have had the typhus fever; and my medical attendant's bill has been unusually heavy."

Any symptoms of "overgrown wealth" here? In the next case we find incumbent and curate

equally distressed—the latter in the receipt of a third-rate journeyman's wages!

III.

—— "My INCUMBENT, with a large family, continues to be very poor, which, unfortunately for me, involves me in difficulties. Of *forty pounds*, my nominal income, I have received no more than HALF during the last twelve months. I have a wife and four young children dependent on me."

IV.

"Imperious necessity alone could induce me again to appeal to the Society; but my stipend is quite inadequate to the support of my family, and my inability to discharge some debts, contracted solely on this account, preys upon my mind and creates a care and anxiety to the last degree painful and distressing. My income is eighty pounds, on which I have NINE little claimants."

Exactly eight pounds annually for each person! The next case will exhibit a clergyman receiving a mere pauper's parish pay.

V.

—— "With great reluctance I state my present circumstances. My whole income from the Church IS ONLY TWENTY POUNDS PER ANNUM INCLUDING THE SURPLICE FEES WHICH DO NOT AMOUNT TO FIVE POUNDS! I have a wife and six children, *four of whom are entirely dependent on me for support.* I have no other income."

Six human beings to be fed, clothed, and sheltered, on twenty-five pounds annually, or NINE SHILLINGS AND SEVENPENCE weekly!! Why the veriest hedger and ditcher would scorn it!

The last case is a sad but appropriate sequel to the whole. It portrays the clergyman of the Church of England applying for relief to the parish.

VI.

—— "I am Curate of ———, containing about two thousand persons; eight hundred of whom attend divine service. My salary is fifty-two pounds per annum, with a wife and six children dependent on me. I have no private income of my own whatever. Within the last two years my family have been so reduced as to be *forced to seek the aid of the parish!*"

Such are the "immense and overgrown riches" —surely, surely the phrase must be used in the bitterest derision!—of the Church of England. Such are the "overpaid labours" of incumbent and curate! There are some minds, to be sure, so constituted, that no rebuke will shame, no distress soften; but surely the consideration of even one of the cases I have stated might teach Mr. Hume in his abuse of the church to pay a little more regard to veracity, and my Lord King—charity!

RENNELL—A FRAGMENT.

——— "Quis desiderio sit pudor
Tam cari capitis."

Hor.

RENNELL—A FRAGMENT.

* * * * * *

—— I gulped down my breakfast—hurried to the palace—was received with the most alarming ceremony—and ushered up stairs. The boldest spirit that ever breathed would have quailed at the scene which presented itself. In a room of the most magnificent, or rather the most frightful dimensions, hung with all-but-speaking portraits of different bishops who had filled the See, were assembled twenty-five silent, anxious, care-worn beings, who flitted backwards and forwards—to and fro—like troubled spirits. No one appeared to know, far less dared to address his neighbour; and what with the size and chilliness of the apartment—the apprehension under which all appeared more or less to labour—and the frowning, nay, almost menacing, aspect with which the prelates on the wall seemed to view us;—I never passed a more wretched hour in my life!

The door opened, and all eyes were eagerly directed towards—what was expected to be—the entry of the bishop. No. It merely closed upon a "late candidate," Mr. C. B——. It was curious to observe how speedily, notwithstanding the confident air with which he entered, the aspect of the room operated upon him, and how thoroughly he became infected with the gloom which prevailed. He looked round him—was about to make a bow—but

seeing only "brothers in affliction," checked himself—slowly, slowly did his countenance fall till it assumed a most deplorable expression—he applied to his snuff-box—hummed half a bar of an opera air—stopped—fumbled for his memorandum book—and then flew to the window. His air and appearance, however, excited very general attention; and —Heaven bless him!—afforded a monstrous relief.

* * * * *

A door, at the upper end of the apartment, was suddenly thrown open, and the bishop entered, followed by his chaplain. We instinctively rose at his appearance; and he bowed courteously and kindly as he proceeded slowly round the circle. His form was bent and his step was feeble—for I saw him advanced in years; but he had still a most engaging and animated countenance, and his smile was benignity itself. He was harassed by a severe and incessant cough, which appeared to become still more troublesome upon the least exertion; and its paroxysms were, to all appearance, as painful to himself as they were distressing to those around him. All the polish of a Court—and he had been domesticated *there*—he carried into private life; and it was his to unite the elegance and affability of the English gentleman, with the dignity of the bishop, and the benevolence of the Christian.

With respect to his examining chaplain, there are few who have ever witnessed Mr. Rennell's discharge of any of his high and important duties, who would not willingly be present at a repetition; and still fewer, who having once seen and heard, could forget him. As an examiner, the easy dignity of his manner—the forbearance, and placidity, and patience with which he listened, corrected, and explained—the facility with which he descended to the intellectual level of those around him—the humility of

the Christian which so beautifully tempered the attainments of the scholar—and the unassuming kindness with which he tranquillized the anxious, encouraged the diffident, and confirmed the wavering —are beyond all praise. Yet his greatest charm as an examiner is still unnoticed. It consisted in the solemnity, and sacredness, and spirituality which he breathed around the scene—in the tone of deep religious feeling which he gave to the whole service—and in the sincere and ardent, though unaffected, piety which characterized his bearing throughout. It was evident he thought and felt that an ordination was a service of the most hallowed nature—that its results "spoke to time and eternity"—that incalculable was his responsibility who "should lay hand suddenly upon any man"—that desperate and deplorable, beyond description, must be his case, who would attempt to dedicate to the service of his God, a carnal, sensual, and divided heart.

A certain proportion of the candidates were invited by the bishop to dine with him. Among them was Mr. C. B——. His father had been known to his Lordship in early life, and always a favourite guest at the palace. The dinner passed off rather heavily. It was good, but singularly plain. A pampered appetite would have fared but indifferently; for there was nothing that even bordered on luxury or extravagance. The party, including his Lordship's family, exceeded twenty. The bishop—for he was not equal to the fatigue of carving—sat near the middle; his examining chaplain at the bottom. The cloth was drawn, and Mr. C. B—— opened his budget. He was stationed, I should premise, directly opposite the bishop; and his Lordship had paid him a good deal of attention.

"Much game about here?" said he to a very diffident, reserved young man. "I believe not."

"Many good shots in the neighbourhood?" "I really don't know: I don't shoot." "Don't shoot!" ejaculated the other in a most mournful tone, and turned away with an air of the most ineffable pity. "You're a sportsman, I presume, Sir," said he, attacking a more merry and promising face. "I *was*." "Was? O! you should come into Cheshire, Sir; we'd show you the way to live!" The young man appeared by no means at his ease; and the air of extreme but quiet surprise which Mr. Rennell's countenance assumed was absolutely indescribable. "By the by, we had a pigeon match in our neighbourhood lately. Lord Kennedy and Captain Ross were there. Should have no objection to another to-morrow!" The bishop winced most horribly. "Best shots in England—allowed on all sides. By the way, do you shoot with single or double barrel?" Mr. Rennell looked wretchedly uncomfortable. "Mine's double; and I flatter myself one of the best in Europe. Now suppose"—The bishop rose and left the table. Not one syllable did he utter, but his manner spoke volumes.

It was the last I ever heard or saw of Mr. C. B. HE DID NOT APPEAR AGAIN! His absence of course excited inquiry and gave rise to considerable comment;—but neither by the bishop, nor by his chaplain, was there any allusion made to the subject—excepting a casual but generous remark from Rennell, at the close of the examination, "that Mr. B——'s PAPERS had done him credit."

* * * * * *

Soon after the premature decease of this able and excellent man, I happened, in a mixed party of clergymen, to mention the pleasure with which I had listened to his clear and manly expositions from the pulpit of Christian duties and demands; and to express, as a matter of private conviction, what a

joyful retrospect his must have been in a dying hour, and how bright the reward that awaited such a diligent labourer in the vineyard of his Lord. A ZEALOT—I will not give his name, he is figuring away, however, very conspicuously, among the "thousand and one" societies of the present day—replied, "I doubt that! I am by no means persuaded that Mr. Rennell was, in the true meaning of the term, a Christian; or that we have any rational grounds for believing he has entered into the joy of his Lord. That the late Vicar of Kensington was an amiable man in private life, I admit—that he had many good points about him, I concede likewise—but that he knew the true scope and meaning of the Gospel, I deny. In all his labours, and in all his writings, he betrayed far more anxiety for the welfare of the Church of England than for the welfare of the Church of Christ."

"Why," replied I, "the terms are synonymous. They mean one and the same thing. Built upon the foundations of the apostles and prophets—cemented by the blood of that noble army of martyrs and confessors, whose spirit her articles, and her homilies, and her liturgy, so purely breathe—so primitive in all her doctrines, and so spiritual in all her services—I hold the Church of England to be THE CHURCH OF CHRIST."

"Indeed! I have yet to learn that!"

"Then, if that be the case," said I, with inexpressible surprise, "why belong to her communion—why *enjoy her emoluments?* Surely common honour, common honesty, imperatively requires you to resign."*

* "Of all the enemies to religion, and to our venerable Establishment in particular, I know of none so dangerous, dishonest, and despicable, as they who receive her orders, enjoy her revenues, *degrade her authority, and thus diminish her usefulness.*"

Bishop Lipscombe.

He appeared slightly confused, though a much older man than myself, and made no answer. Two Sundays afterwards I heard this very self-same man dilate for fifty-five minutes upon "*speaking* the TRUTH in LOVE."

"Look on this portrait and on that."

THE SORROWS OF

A RICH OLD MAN.

(FROM THE PAPERS OF MY KINSMAN, THE LATE MR. GAIUS GOMPERTZ, OF FENCHURCH-STREET.)

"I scoff at flattering hope, and proudly say
To pale suspense, chill fear, and anxious care,
Avaunt! to happier mortals haste away—
One mighty tenant fills my heart—despair!"

THE SORROWS OF

A RICH OLD MAN.

THE DIARY.

Tuesday, *June* 25.—Here I am at Budleigh Salterton, Devonshire;—and a long and fatiguing journey, from No. 11, Fenchurch-street, have my poor bones had of it! Hardly able to breathe at Salisbury, and overturned within a stage of Exeter. I more than once thought Mr. Abernethy's opinion of me the correct one, who, when I came to consult him, called me "an old fool for my pains." But what was I to do? Dr. Bankhead told me I could only live in Devonshire; and Mr. A. told me, with a certain expletive I don't care to add, that there was nothing the matter with me; and—here I am in the first floor of "Marmontel House." It is called "The refuge for the Destitute;" and, truth to say, a more curious collection of animals than its walls contain could scarcely be met with. First, there is a Mrs. Bradbury, a widow; a woman who has seen the world, and who "enjoys a cheerful fecundity of words." She studies character, and collects autographs; she was in France about the period of the Revolution, and somehow or other was connected casually with Thistlewood at the time of the Cato-street plot; the footman who murdered Mr. Bonar once lived in her service, and she had been intimately acquainted with the late Mr. Fauntleroy;—in short, a more fearful companion for a nervous gentleman cannot exist. But all this I could forget and forgive,

if she had not a propensity, whenever she hears a good thing, or any observation in point, no matter how opposed it may be to what she has been just saying—no matter how subversive of her own theory, immediately to adopt it as her own! "That's what I say! That's what I say;" chimes this elderly cuckoo. Then "she always has an idea of her own; she reads for herself—and believes for herself—and sees with her own eyes, and hears with her own ears, and," as she elegantly phrases it, "with nobody's else's." And, to be sure, she does arrive at the most extraordinary conclusions. For instance, she has fully persuaded herself that the late king was the author of Junius;* that Buonaparte, "somehow or other, was poisoned by Lady Caroline Lamb;" and she calls it a *most weighty circumstance* that she has good grounds for believing, that Sir William Curtis laid his person at the feet of Mrs. Coutts—"no light affair," says she, "I assure you;"—and she tells a most surprising story about Lord Byron, and a Vampire and Michael Angelo Taylor—and, if I was to die for it, I can come to no other conclusion than that it is her belief, that Michael Angelo is, or was once, or very narrowly escaped being, a Vampire!

Her son, Cornelius Bradbury, I must beg to pass over. His appetite is the most extraordinary thing about him; it is really voracious; I sigh when I see a favourite dish of mine near him. He calls himself a Captain in the Army; if so, all I can say is, I'm sorry for it.

* I cannot resist the temptation of noticing here the similarity which exists between the writing of our late beloved Monarch and that of Junius, as given in the plates of Woodfall's edition. I happen to have seen two or more private notes of George III., addressed to the late Duke of Richmond, and, on comparing, the writing of the Monarch is almost a fac-simile of that of his libeller. I disclaim all intention of robbing Mrs. Bradbury of one tittle of the originality of her supposition to her it exclusively belongs, and—stant sua prænia cuique.

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The next set consists of a Mrs. and a Miss Gymer. The old lady would be well enough, if she would take less snuff and revoke less frequently;—she always forgets herself in the fourth rubber! Her daughter, Miss Barbara—(I can't endure the name of Barbara; and, to make it worse, her mother will, at times, call her Bar-bar-rah, at others Babbie, and, sometimes, which is more frightful still, Bab Gymer)—is a young lady with red hair and a shrill voice. She has a most extraordinary habit of sitting with one foot thrown carelessly across the other, just as the Lord Chancellor does during a long argument in the Court of Chancery—I can't say I think it's altogether the thing! And she drinks her tea out of a saucer, which she balances the while on the tip of her middle finger in a manner quite as extraordinary as any thing I ever saw in the Indian Jugglers. She says she was educated at Camden House. I can't for my life understand how it is, but somehow or other, she is always sure to be next me, sit where I will. The old lady, I hear, has considerable leasehold property in Henrietta-street, Covent-garden.

Mr. Betterton comes next—a young widower, utterly inconsolable for the loss of his lady. In this cold, selfish, and heartless world, where the dead are forgotten almost before the grave has closed upon them, it is quite delightful to meet with such an instance of genuine affection. We often talk over the matter together; and he tells me that her loss to him is irreparable. Amiable young man! I may truly call him a disconsolate widower! I fancy the late Mrs. Betterton was a very great sufferer.

And now I come to a most extraordinary literary lady, who makes her appearance occasionally among us—Mrs. Agnes Ibbottson. She studies history; believes in judicial astrology; and is acquainted with every creature of note in the world of letters. She is also an astronomer, and something I

fancy of a fortune-teller; for the very first evening I was introduced to her, she took an opportunity of asking me "the precise day and hour when I entered this sublunary world." I could'nt make out what she meant at first; but when I did, I told her as well as I was able. The next day but one she met me in the breakfast room, and said—"Beware of the ides of July. A plot is in progress against you; and it may be, that your very existence will be endangered!" "Fiddlesticks ends! who's to harm me at Budleigh Salterton?" Yet I must confess I felt nervous for an hour or two, and I didn't sit down to my dinner with my usual appetite. She's a woman, I find, of very pretty property; though whether she has got it by her fortune-telling I can't say!

Friday, June 28.—Letters to-day from my confidential clerk, Solomon Atkinson, respecting the firm in Fenchurch-street. All is well. That Miss Gymer improves upon acquaintance. I find her a very lively, agreeable girl. Her hair, too, is not such a fiery red as I at first supposed it; in some lights it is almost auburn.

Monday, July 1.—Drove out with Mrs. Ibbottson. She was intimately acquainted with the late Mrs. Inchbald; and told me several anecdotes respecting her. It seems that some short time before her death, she offered to Constable's firm in Edinburgh, the "History of her life and times," written by herself. Mrs. Ibbottson had seen a very considerable portion of it; and assured me that the whole of her theatrical career was quite a romance; and that her accounts of the eminent actors with whom she had played during her eventful life were as interesting as her criticisms on their respective merits were acute and intelligent. The price she put on it was one thousand pounds. It was judged too much, and her offer was declined. She then—will it be credited—committed her MS. to the flames. Silly wo-

man, why not have tried elsewhere? Mrs. Ibbottson told me she was satisfied —— would gladly have given five hundred pounds for it. My goodness, to burn five hundred pounds' worth of paper! What an instance of profligate expenditure!

Thursday, July 4.—Our little party has been augmented by the arrival of a Mrs. and Miss Floyer. The latter is said to be a young lady of very considerable expectations; and as to the former, I never met with a woman who understood the stocks so well in my life! The greater part of her fortune, I find, is in the Long Annuities. Her daughter—poor thing!—looks wretchedly ill, and to my mind, very unhappy. The dowager,—a proud, haughty woman—sweeps across the room; lays down the law as to the present, past, and future; and talks in a manner as peremptory and decided as if she swayed the destinies of Europe;—while her daughter seems to shun observation, and to shrink into herself, and often—very often—to be lost to every thing that is passing around her. She seems anxious and uneasy; and I sometimes fancy that I see her dark, full eye dimmed with tears. I wonder if she's in love! I can't say I'm a judge, for, to the best of my knowledge, *I never was in that way;* but I've *heard* that this is the manner in which many ladies take on, who are.*

Friday, July 5.—What a wonderful historical student Mrs. Bradbury is! I scarcely ever dare to talk to her on the subject. I recollect so little about it. She told me, at supper, in the most natural and unaffected manner possible, that "King Edward VI. was killed at the Battle of Agincourt." "So I've heard, Ma'am," was my reply, for I didn't care to appear ignorant. Her eyes, it appears to me, have

* I beg leave here to observe, once for all, that of this, my valued kinsman's Journal, I am only

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a very remarkable twinkle in them towards evening; but altogether she's a superior woman. Mr. Betterton told me this morning, that she not only reads history but writes it; and that he knew for a positive certainty that Mrs. Bradbury had only last week written to Mr. Constable, to say that he should have *her* continuation of the history of England for seven hundred guineas, to supply the place of the one so long advertised by Sir James M'Intosh. I don't know much about such matters; but considering the vast compass of historical knowledge which Mrs. Bradbury possesses, it strikes me it would be quite a bargain.

Tuesday, July 9.—I'm beginning to think, on further acquaintance, that Barbara Gymer is a singularly discreet young person. She made a very sensible observation yesterday. I inquired why she didn't join the young party? "I prefer," said she, "the society of my elders. The young men of the present day are so very frivolous." I'm sure I wish her well!

Thursday, July 11.—A wet day! Budleigh Salterton is a sweet place—and Devonshire a most delightful county—and being by the sea-side, is very bracing and all that—BUT IT'S MONSTROUS DULL! Now there was always, in the very worst weather, something highly exhilarating in Fenchurch-street!

Monday, July 15. The gloom that lowers on Miss Floyer's brow deepens instead of diminishing. There is a restlessness—an inquietude—a care-worn expression in her countenance—which indicate a mind ill at ease. The casket is fair; but I fear a clear conscience—that pearl of great price—is wanting. There is not that cordiality and confidence between mother and daughter which it is painful to miss in such very near relatives. The latter addresses her mother in faltering tones "Madam;" while the former coldly and repulsively styles her

"Miss Floyer!" Young lady, young lady, trifle not with your own happiness! Where there is mystery there is always misery!

Saturday, July 26.—Not able to sleep a wink all night! Such doings! So much for having no night patrol! A party of Cantabs—a reading party, as they called themselves, though Heaven only knows, considering all that they did, when they could find time for it—about one o'clock this morning put the whole place into confusion. A Swiss giantess was exhibiting herself on the beach, and, as Mrs. Gymer informed me, a very decent, timid young woman she was. Well, nothing would serve this reading party, but they must sally forth about twelve o'clock, and attack her caravansary! The Swiss giantess, aroused from her slumbers, rushed out in defence of her fortress—in such a situation, as Mrs. Gymer assured me—*parum vestita*, as Dr. Maltby would say*—and seeing the desperate situation of her affairs, began to lay about her in a manner equally unfeminine and surprising. "I'll teach you to disturb a modest young woman, you unmannerly rascals!" says she; and whack went the broomstick over the head of a Trinity man. "Let go the door you villain!" Crack—crack—bang—"hurrah!" I shudder while I write! they had actually staved in one side of her Caravansary! "Murder," cried the Swiss giantess; and a couple of constables, with the old parish beadle, and half a dozen of the inhabitants in their white cotton night caps, came running to her

* My worthy kinsman—rest and bless him—has here been unintentionally unjust. Dr. Maltby would have said no such thing; for whatever he may be as a divine or a politician, he is universally allowed to be a classic. And thus he takes pretty good care to announce from the pulpit. I heard him preach one of a course of sermons at Cambridge, in which Latin and Greek quotations succeeded alternately for about three quarters of an hour. Towards the close, he exclaimed, with an expression of unfeigned anxiety—"I hope I have done these worthies justice!" EDITOR.

assistance. And this they call "a quiet, retired, little watering place!"

Wednesday, July 24.—One of the same party, I'm convinced, with another hanging on his arm, came up to me this morning, took off his hat with a very low bow, hoped I was well, and begged to "inquire how I had left all my friends in the Ark." He looked so respectful, appeared so deeply interested, and so imperturbably grave, that I was on the point of thanking him for his civilities, and asking him what Ark he meant, for that I had correspondents in most parts of the world, when, turning my eye on his companion, I saw him cramming his handkerchief into his mouth, and actually convulsed with laughter! I shook my stick at them in silence, for I was too angry to speak. Audacious varlets! I only wish I had been in Fenchurch-street.

Friday, July 26.—What have I been guilty of? or am I, in good truth, the most extraordinary man that has ever appeared in the world, and doomed to universal ridicule all my life? The following note reached me this morning:—

"The Committee of Elders of the Ranters' Chapel, offer their warmest acknowledgments to Mr. Gaius Gompertz, for his liberal donation of fifty guineas, towards the expenses of their new chapel.

"They most respectfully beg to be informed whether it will suit Mr. Gompertz to make his cheque payable at his bankers, in London, or at his own counting-house.

"They will have much pleasure in reserving for Mr. G. G. a commodious seat near the pulpit, according to his request, in the New Ebenezer."

I rubbed my eyes—wiped my spectacles—"it cannot possibly be for me!" Examined the direction. "Yes it is." Here's a pretty business, said I.

some rascal has been forging my name, and I've an Old Bailey cause before me! and my poor inflammatory liver in such a critical state too! They'll bury me at Budleigh Salterton I see very clearly!

Saturday, July 27.—It struck me last night, just as I took off my wig, that very possibly this Cambridge reading party—oh, may I never, never during the remnant of my earthly pilgrimage, encounter another—had written to the Elders in my name. In fact, I suspect the Trinity man, with that short turn up nose and red whiskers; and I solemnly vow, that if my surmise be correct, I'll detail the whole matter to Dr. Wordsworth, who, I hear, is a highly correct and orthodox man—and a learned, as witness the "Icon Basilike." I, therefore, took up my pen to acquaint the Committee, that "whatever others had written for me, I never had the remotest intention of making any donation to a Ranters' Chapel; that as long as I was of sound mind, and could crawl to my church, THERE would I be found; that I was not in the habit of supporting opposition men, or opposition measures, OR ANY THING, IN FACT, AT ALL IN THAT LINE—my motto being Church and King; that my hearing was, thank God! tolerably good, and it was, therefore, not likely that I should require 'a commodious seat near the pulpit!' At the same time I desired to say, that I was very sorry they should have had the trouble of writing to me, and begged they would favour me with a sight of the document on which their application was founded."——

In reply to this exceedingly civil and polite note on my part, will it be credited that I received a long letter of five pages filled with abuse, in which, amidst other appellations, they called me "a modern Demas;" and desired me to "turn to the Epistle of Jude, where I should find my own character delineated."

Tuesday, August 6.—I've been very ill. I don't think these salt-water baths agree with me. How kind and attentive that sweet girl Barbara has been to me! After all it's a pretty name—pronounced properly! Mrs. Gymer recently observed to me, that a companion as one declines into the vale of years beguiles the toilsomeness of the road; and asked me if I did not frequently feel lonely? Now I come to reflect on it I think I have. Barbara tells me she thinks I look ten years younger since my illness. Well, it has that effect on some constitutions. It's astonishing how much more mellow that girl's voice has become within these three weeks; she sings to me after supper "Comin through the Rye," in a manner that is inexpressibly soothing!

Sunday, August 11.—Well! with all her nonsense, Mrs. Ibbottson has one redeeming point about her—she is a sound churchwoman;—zealous without fanaticism—humble without servility—and possessing a flow of chastened cheerfulness equally remote from levity on the one hand and servility on the other—she is, what I call, a rational Christian. Her recollections of Bishop Horsley, with whom she was a particular favourite and partly domesticated in early life, are delightful; and her summary of the character of one of the ablest and most calumniated prelates of modern times, Bishop Marsh, does credit to her heart and head. POSTERITY WILL DO HIM JUSTICE. In short, there are many valuable qualities about her; and I see clearly we should become bosom friends if she would not talk quite so much about Herschel's telescopes and the Heavenly Intelligences.

Tuesday, August 20.—I don't know how it is, but I become daily more interested in the fate of Emily Floyer. Her mental sufferings are acute. I found her this morning bending over an unfinished letter, in an agony of grief. "My dear young lady, I cannot bear to see you thus; you are sinking under the

pressure of secret sorrow." "True—too true!" "I am an old man—in no degree related to you, indeed almost a stranger—yet, bethink you, could you confide in me? Crabbed and churlish as I may seem, I may have it in my power to serve you." She shook her head mournfully, and her tears fell faster than before. "My purse—my advice—my assistance—all are at your service. Come, smile and look cheerful.

——— 'The darkest day,
Live but to-morrow, will have passed away.'"

"I will confide in you," said she, with a sudden effort. "Yes, you can and will assist me. My mother places implicit reliance on your judgment, and you may soften———I am not what I seem; I am—oh, how shall I confess it?—an anxious, wretched, guilty"—She stopped; the door opened, and in rushed Mrs. Bradbury. "Mr. Gompertz, they say there's a mermaid to be seen, behind Budleigh Rocks, with a looking-glass in one hand and a mother-of-pearl comb in the other. To be sure it is the most extraordinary thing in the———." I turned round to explain; Miss Floyer was gone.

Thursday, August 22.—To my great surprise, I learnt from Mr. Betterton to-day that his lady was at least thirty years older than himself. This renders his grief still more meritorious. Mrs. B. has been dead three years. He told me before dinner, that "bathing did him no good." He "was quite as inconsolable as ever." When I return to Fenchurch-street, it is my intention he shall accompany me. It will cheer him up, I'm sure, to see something of the bustle of the city. At least, if that does'nt cure him, all I can say is, nothing will.

Friday, August 23.—Mrs. Ibbottson has been consulting the stars again! She told Mrs. Floyer that she had cast her horoscope the preceding even-

ing, and found there was something impending over her which she little anticipated. She enjoined her to meet the disclosure like a disciple of —— I couldn't quite catch it, but I thought she said "Epicurus!" Mrs. Floyer turned red and white alternately —drew up her majestic person to its full height— but deigned not to utter a syllable. Mrs. Ibbottson was unusually communicative this evening. She said SHE KNEW FOR A POSITIVE FACT THAT VERY LARGE EXTRACTS OF LORD BYRON'S LIFE, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, WERE IN EXISTENCE. I DON'T GO THE LENGTH OF AFFIRMING, said she, THAT THERE IS EXTANT AN ENTIRE AND PERFECT COPY OF HIS LORDSHIP'S LIFE; BUT SIMPLY THAT THERE DO EXIST COPIOUS AND AUTHENTIC EXRACTS FROM IT. And this I fancy one member at least of Lady Byron's family suspects. I knew a good deal of Lady B. when she lived at——I forget the name of the place now, but it's not far from Bromley—and thought her a woman of masculine understanding, great conversational powers, and strong natural good sense—but not altogether the wife for Lord Byron. She showed her admirable sense of propriety by the seclusion to which she consigned herself, and the dignified silence she inviolably maintained respecting what may be termed the "her case." I believe, to her most intimate associates, Lady Byron never breathed her husband's name; never alluded, in the most casual manner, to her own peculiar situation. On the contrary, she appeared studiously to avoid all reference to the subject. Her daughter, Ada Byron, to whom such a touching interest attaches, strongly resembles her gifted father. There is, in particular, an expression about the mouth—a curl when she is displeased in her youthful lip—a fire and *fierté* in her eye—which those who had ever an opportunity of watching the poet's features, in a moment of irritation, would instantly recognise. The

likeness is singularly striking. It is hardly fair to judge of her at such tender years; but I thought I discovered germs of talent, and—shall I add—a spice of Lord Byron's disposition—a large leaven self-indulgence and self will. Lady Byron was passionately attached to her, and paid the most vigilant attention to those grand essentials in a woman's happiness—temper and disposition. There was one thing in particular which struck me very forcibly. It is a rule worthy the adoption of every mother. I had dined alone with Sir Ralph and herself—little Ada was with us at tea—but at its conclusion, Lady Byron rose and said, "You must excuse me: I ALWAYS GIVE AN HOUR TO MY DAUGHTER EVERY NIGHT BEFORE SHE GOES TO BED, WHEN WE TALK OVER THE EVENTS OF THE DAY. I FIND IT BY FAR THE BEST HOUR IN THE TWENTY-FOUR FOR AFFECTING AND CORRECTING THE HEART!"

If she *was* "learned" and "mathematical," most assuredly it never appeared in her conversation. It was that—and that only—of a highly accomplished and a very well informed woman. An incident occurred—I don't choose to divulge it—which was perfectly conclusive to my mind that Lady B. was still fondly attached to him. And from the accounts of others who knew the facts, I am thoroughly satisfied that Lord and Lady Byron might have been living together at this very hour—had his life been spared—but for the intervention of a third person. *Lady Noel never could endure him;* and the feeling was reciprocal. She was perpetually haunted by the idea that his Lordship was an unfaithful husband. On the other hand, HE never spared her; and, unhappily, Lady Noel's temper and unguarded expressions afforded ample scope for the most biting satire and caustic irony. Whatever his Lordship might have been previous to his marriage, or since the separation, in the particular instance so continually

quoted, HE WAS GROSSLY MISREPRESENTED. I have reason to believe—though not from her own lips—that Lady Byron now feels this. In short," concluded Mrs. Ibbottson, "the whole story makes me more than ever tenacious of the opinion with which I started five and forty years ago,—that young married people are always best and happiest by themselves!"

Saturday, August 24.—Miss Floyer still keeps her room. Shall I ever be able to bring myself to forgive that marplot Mrs. Bradbury?

Monday, August 26.—I shall be ruined by postage! Along with a huge packet to-day from Solomon Atkinson, there came a letter utterly incomprehensible. It was all about Jews and Synagogues. It strikes me, that as companies are now all the rage, it must be a prospectus for building a new synagogue in London. And when I come to consider how the Jews abound in the modern Babylon, I doubt not it will answer very well. I'll take five shares myself, provided they will discharge their corresponding clerk. The man does'nt write legibly, and forgot to sign his name. And they certainly should have paid the postage of their letter!

Tuesday, August 27.—The mystery's explained by the following characteristic epistle from my graceless nephew, Henry M——l.

"*Clare Hall, Cambridge,*
Aug. 23, 18—.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,

I write to you in great distress. I find myself in a rapid consumption. Don't be alarmed—my distress is pecuniary, not bodily; and my consumption not of the animal powers, but of the current coin of the realm. In a word, I describe my state thus—

"Deficit argentum; periit denarius omnis.

"I may have been, I own, a little extravagant; but I throw myself upon your indulgence, and beg for another twenty pounds. Henceforth, I give you my honour, I will be economical.

"I rejoice to hear you are free from the smoke and filth of Fenchurch-street. You will live at least twenty years longer for it. It will give me the greatest pleasure to see you at Cambridge, should you bend your steps in this direction: and with every feeling of gratitude and respect,

"Believe me, my dear uncle,

"Your affectionate nephew,

"HENRY M——L.

"P. S. This would have reached you yesterday, but by some mistake, I sent off Beausobre's 'Jewish Synagogues' instead. Forgive my carelessness; it is an old failing. I leave it entirely to your generosity, my dear uncle—so often tried, and as often experienced; but if you could make the twenty pounds thirty, it would be doubly acceptable.

"H. M."

Extravagant rascal! I can't believe he was my favourite sister's child. There's nothing of the carefulness and forethought of the Gompertz's about him! "Mistake" indeed—it was by some such "mistake" that he forfeited Mr. Simeon's countenance. I procured him a letter of introduction which he delivered at King's. Mr. Simeon took a fancy to him—invited him to his Friday evening parties—and seemed much inclined to notice him. All at once Mr. S. dropped his acquaintance, without Henry's being able to divine a reason; till, after an interval of three months, he recollected having, by "some mistake," left a card at Mr. Simeon's rooms, intended, as he assured me, "for quite a different style of man." The card ran thus:—

"M——L

"Clare.

"*Wine with me, you dog, at 5 to-morrow.*"

Heedless fellow! He shall have the thirty pounds notwithstanding.

Wednesday, August 28.—I really don't know what to make of it. Mr. Betterton breakfasted *tête-à-tête* with me this morning, and resumed his melancholy story. I always thought it had been a long affair; for as he talked to me about *spasms in the throat—and a diseased larynx—and an incurable stoppage in the wind-pipe*—what other conclusion could I possibly come to? Unfortunately it occurred to me to inquire. "What time he had for preparation? How long was Mrs. Betterton ill?" "ONLY FIVE MINUTES." It appears to me the woman's been choaked! I would not hurt his feelings by saying another syllable; but I'll inquire into it by-and-bye.

Eleven o'clock at night.—I'm so enraged that I can hardly hold my pen. I asked Mrs. Bradbury—who always knows every body's business but her own—to give me all the particulars. "They won't occupy five minutes," says she. "Mrs. Betterton was a very old woman; by at least thirty-five years her husband's senior; they didn't cut her food small enough, and so she was choaked." "How inexpressibly shocking!" said I; "well may he mourn her decease." "Humph! ejaculated Mrs. Bradbury, "he hardly ever saw her from one week's end to another. Poor old soul, she was quite in her dotage." "Well, but he bitterly and unceasingly laments her loss, and says, 'it is quite irreparable.'" "And so he may! A Tontine annuity of a thousand a year died with her. He will not easily meet with another old lady of so credulous a disposition and so comfortably circumstanced!"——Never—no, never again will I waste my sympathy upon a

perfect stranger! "You're right—Mr. Abernethy —you're right. I am an old fool for my pains!"

Friday, August 30.—Mrs. Ibbottson made her appearance among us last evening, and I regret to say, for the last time. She entered the drawing-room about nine, with a sheet of paper in her hand: "Mrs. Bradbury, I believe you collect autographs; here is one of Washington Irving;—he writes the best English of any man I know—Hall, of Leicester, excepted—and a most entertaining creature he is." "He is a friend of yours?" "No, I cannot boast even of his personal acquaintance; but I have met him more than once in general society; and when you can succeed in drawing him out, I know not a more delightful companion." "Come, describe him to us," said Barbara. "I'll attempt it. He is a very well-dressed, good-humoured looking man; if not handsome, at least very prepossessing in appearance, though his countenance has not that intellectual expression which his writings would lead one to expect. The most remarkable feature is his eye; it is large and full, with a very soft, dreamy expression—a look of indolent repose in it, which strikes one at first sight very forcibly. I scanned it, and fancied that Mr. Irving could never be accused of early rising; and I half suspected that he admired Gray's description of Paradise, 'to lie on a sofa and read new novels.' But with all this he possesses a keen perception of the ludicrous; and if any object or phrase presents itself which excites this feeling, his eye lights up with astonishing brilliancy; the dreamy, dozing look gives way to an expression of wit and humour, of talent and irresistible mirth,—it is not ill-natured enough for satire,—which makes one ready to laugh with him. Of this I had an opportunity of judging for myself the very last evening I had the good fortune to meet him. It was at a friend's house. Among the party were Mr.

Martin—Belshazzar Martin, I call him—you've seen, of course, the splendid picture which entitles him to the epithet? a Mr. Hudson, a young miniature painter of very promising talents, a nephew of Mrs. Laurie, of Lincoln; and a Miss—I wont give her name—a most delightful old maid. I call her delightful because her dress, manner, topics, style of conversation, and mode of proceeding, were beyond measure droll and diverting. She was attired in a pea-green silk *frock*, with a flaming orange turban, in which waved to and fro, in a most lugubrious manner, a single white ostrich feather; her shoes were a light crimson, and her sash Waterloo blue. Her eyes were black, and rolled about with a very roguish leer; her figure that of a scarecrow. She looked as if, in her youth, all the world had turned up their noses at her, and now, as if she turned up her nose at all the world! She couldn't, for her life, sound an *r* or a *w*, so she said she 'WANG THE BELL FOU TIMES,' and asked 'QUAT AS THAT?' Before she made her appearance, Mr. Irving seemed dreamy and stupid, but the moment he caught a glimpse of this delicious creature his eye flashed—not fire—but FUN. He seemed actually to devour her. I *think* I overheard him ask Martin if he could, with a pencil and card, make a little sketch of her—she was 'a gem of the purest water'—and *I fancy* Martin slyly did so. She, meanwhile, was prodigal of her smiles and antics, flattering herself she had made a conquest, and by no means insensible to the eclat of having captivated the author of the Sketch Book, while his eyes, carefully attendant to all her movements, twinkled with a degree of mirth that was quite infectious. 'I see how the game goes,' said I to Mr. Hudson; 'that unfortunate Miss ——. Irving is sketching her off from life!' 'Sketching her, Madam? He has taken her away piecemeal—limb by limb—and he'll show her up the first

opportunity!'" "He writes a wretched hand, however," said the lofty Mrs. Floyer. "Admirable, you mean." "Pray did you ever see Jeffrey's scrawl, or the pot-hooks of Dr. Chalmers, of Glasgow?" "Never." "Then you are no judge of the beauties or varieties of human writing. I've had a note from the latter lying by me these three years, and I've never been able to decipher it yet, nor have I ever met with a being who could. I showed it to Professor Lee, as Arabic, written to me by the celebrated Mirza Seid Moorshedabad, of Ispahan!! He said at once, 'I can make neither head nor tail of it. But pray, Madam, preserve it; it's a very great curiosity.' As to little Jeffrey's calligraphy, you shall hear what Mr. Willison, of Edinburgh, said to me respecting it. But stop—I must tell the story in my own way. I was at Modern Athens, in the autumn of 1818, and being known to Mr. Constable, was asked more than once to his house. In particular, I remember meeting, at dinner, in Park Place, a number of literary men, and among the rest Professor Leslie and Francis Jeffrey. Of the Professor, I am ashamed to say, I did not think much. He might be an adept in natural philosophy, and I dare say he was, and conversant in science in general, but more assuredly the only science with which he betrayed any acquaintance on that occasion was the science of good eating! He laughed, and crammed, and seemed particularly intent on getting his own share of the dainties before him, but not one single observation did he drop which might not have been uttered by the most common-place turtle-eating alderman. As to Jeffrey, I never heard a man talk so fast, or woman either; the rapidity with which, *after dinner*, one idea followed another, (he said little *before*, and looked fagged and jaded,) was to me, who then saw him for the first time, matter of pure amazement. But though he talks ably and fluently,

he does not talk pleasantly; there is a dash of conceit and arrogance in his manner—a bitterness and sarcasm in his tone of feeling—which will not stand the test of reflection; there is not an atom of repose about him. In person, he is a little, thin, spare, acute looking man; with a penetrating eye, and, take it altogether, a most unpleasant countenance. One listens to his conversation, and looks at his saturnine complexion, and fancies that there is redundancy of bile both in his moral and physical constitution; and feels persuaded that a few more grains of self-knowledge would be as beneficial to the one, as six weeks' residence at Cheltenham would be to the other. The most extraordinary thing about him is the rapidity with which he catches, comprehends, and answers your ideas; long before I had finished my sentence, and often when a few words only had escaped me, he had anticipated my reply, and had advanced half way in his rejoinder! This happened again and again, and I was comforted by observing, to others as well as to myself. Yet after all, gifted as he is, his powers, great as they are, do not leave a pleasing impression on the mind. The head may be all wisdom, the heart all gall! The compass and versatility of his attainments—the point and power of his conversation—the brilliancy of his sallies—and the bitterness of his invective—all fail to disguise the melancholy truth that JEFFREY IS A DISAPPOINTED MAN. True, his sneer is withering—his sarcasm cutting—let him pride himself on both; there is no peace or harmony within!

"A day or two afterwards I met, in a smaller circle, at Park Place, old Mr. David Willison, father-in-law to Constable, and printer of the *Edinburgh Review* from its commencement. He was one of the most intelligent, amusing, old men I ever met with. *Strange that the printer of the Edinburgh Review should be a staunch tory!* 'Ah,' says he, 'I've

preserved my principles. I've pioneered all their abominations through the press; but my politics are my own! I say nothing agen their lucubrations on science and belles lettres; but the Lord presarve me from their opinions on religion and politics! Eh, Sirs, they are blind guides.' I turned the conversation on Jeffrey. 'Jeffrey? he's worse than them all put thegither. Mony and mony's the time I thought that men would have driven me daft. Oh, I know him well. I've had more to do with him than was ever agreeable to me! Did you ever see his writing? Of all the pothooks —Lord save us, a cookmaid could have written better with a skewer! He's often sent me sheets which were actually illegible—a mass of mere up and down strokes—I could have wept to look at them! Perhaps I could make out the first letter—say it was a p —well, then, all the rest was a matter of guess work; and whether it was particular, or praiseworthy, or professional, or party spirit, or periwinkle, I had to conjecture from the context. Surely never man made such a g, l, and p as he does! And then the cantrips which his Highness would occasionally play up! Often when I had got a whole number in type, he would come down, cancel three or four articles, and leave me as many fresh ones in their place. And times beyond number he has presented himself to me—seen the proof of a long and difficult article —and altered and remodelled every line of it! And then if we made a mistake or two more than ordinary, he would fume and rage, and fret, and talk of *time and our stupidity* as if his writing was copperplate! I've often said to Mr. Constable, Jeffrey will drive me demented at last; and if ever I'm put into a madhouse, see that he pays the charge o't.' 'But why didn't Constable interfere?' 'Constable interfere! Save ye; Where's the human being that Jeffrey would bear a word from? Consta

ble has less influence with him than you or any creature would suppose. Often and often, when he would willingly have had a particular work reviewed, or an article upon some passing topic, he could not for his life and soul get it. He *once* asked Jeffrey, point blank, to oblige him in this way; but he never repeated the experiment. The case was this. Constable had given Walter Scott a very considerable sum for his edition of Swift's works. It sold slowly: and my son-in-law intimated an urgent wish to Jeffrey that an article should appear in the next number of the Edinburgh. Jeffrey himself reviewed it; and in such a strain of unexampled severity, that he nearly damned the affair altogether. Swift's character,—personal—literary—political—he made mince meat of it! Again: when Maturin's novel of 'Women, or Pour et Contre' came out, Walter Scott, Maturin's private and particular friend, wrote a very favourable review of it. As WRITTEN BY SCOTT, JEFFREY GLADLY ADMITTED IT INTO THE REVIEW; —its tone was highly favourable, but when it appeared in print, such was the cutting and maiming to which it had been subjected, that Mr. Scott could hardly recognise his own article! 'Scott's a noble fellow,' said the old printer. 'He's one of the most generous, open-hearted men that ever breathed. Ay, he's on the right side, too'—and he sipped his glass. 'Mrs. Ibbottson, by your leave, we'll drink his very good health.' Good excellent old man, I never saw him again."

"Mrs. Ibbottson," said four or five in a breath, "did you hear any thing as to the author of Waverley—it is Scott?"

"I can only tell you this—that there appeared to me to be more cordiality,—more unreserved frankness—greater intimacy—and a better understanding existing between Mr. Scott and Mr. Constable than him and any other literateur whom I saw in Park Place. And his welcome—(though Constable was

always most hospitable—and to men of letters liberal even to munificence)—I thought— or fancied—was warmer."

"Did you ever mention the subject to Mr. Constable?" "Yes; once I asked him, what were the circumstances which led to the publication of the first of the Waverley novels; as till that time he had not introduced to the world many prose works of fiction? He said, 'No, I had not; but I read it, and so sure was I that it would sell, that I offered the author seven hundred and fifty pounds for the copyright. This he—viewing it in the light of an experiment, and diffident as to its success—said was too much; and for the present, at least, would only take part of it.' This, if my memory is not unusually treacherous, is the sum and substance of all that I could learn from Mr. Constable respecting it. ——And now, ladies and gentlemen," said this extraordinary woman, "I've a piece of information to communicate which will gladden your hearts! I leave Budleigh Salterton to-morrow morning. One half of ye are afraid of me; and the other half are jealous of me! But I leave a parting blessing. Mrs. Floyer, new honours await you: receive them in a Christian spirit Betterton—lugubrious Betterton! —riches WILL make to themselves wings and fly away; seek for those which perish not. Gaius Gompertz—you are old—beware of traps! Miss Gymer, mark me: may all your undertakings meet with the success—they deserve! Ladies and gentlemen—collectively—may I find you *all* better—none worse—when I meet you again. As it is, I drop my courtesy for the season; and, for the present, bid you farewell!"* "Detestable woman!" said Mrs. Floyer, when the door had closed upon the "Woman of Genius." "Rude to a degree," said Barbara.

* Mrs. Ibbottson's portrait was in the Exhibition about two years ago, and a very striking likeness it was.

EDITOR.

"Insolent and unfeeling!" sighed Mr. Betterton. "And ignorant," I added. It is astonishing to me to witness the general misconception that prevails with respect to my age! I look several years younger than I am; and how is it possible to call a man old at two and sixty?

Wednesday, Sept. 11.—For the last ten days I have had a succession of spasms, owing to the contraction which my physicians assure me I have across my chest. Received the kindest attentions from the amiable Miss Gymer; and have prevailed on her to accept a gold watch. By the way, what capital calf's foot jelly that girl makes. It's almost equal to Birch's. Letters from my confidential clerk, Solomon Atkinson, acquainting me with his intention of taking a wife "soon after the commencement of the Michaelmas quarter!" Rascal! what right has he to such an expensive indulgence?

Thursday, Sept. 12.—Walked with Barbara beyond Budleigh Salterton rocks.

Friday, Sept. 13.—Gaius Gompertz, thou art in love!

Saturday, Sept. 14.—For the first time this fortnight, I had an opportunity of having an interview for five minutes with Miss Floyer. I told her I had unceasingly regretted the vexatious interruption which had occurred; and begged her to point out if I could yet serve her. She heard me with a fixedness and rigidity of feature that chilled my heart's blood; and turning from me, said, in a tone of despair—"TOO LATE! TOO LATE!"

Tuesday, Sept. 17.—Miss Floyer has been very ill for the last two days and has kept her room. Myself not much better. My dear Barbara was kind enough to read to me two pages of the "Pleasures of Hope," and the first volume of the "Veiled Spectre." I like her voice more and more.

Wednesday, Sept. 18.—It's a most extraordinary

thing, but there appears to me to have been all night the most unusual and inexplicable bustle in Mrs. and Miss Floyer's apartments. And—but the thing is impossible—I could fancy I heard the cry of an infant about four this morning. Again! I'm sure I heard a child's cry. I did: I'm satisfied I did. What can all this bustle be about?

Nine o'clock in continuation.—So confounded that I can scarcely grasp my pen. Miss *Floyer has been delivered of a male child;* and Mrs. Floyer is in strong hysterics! O dear! O dear!

Thursday, Sept. 19.—Day of confusion!

Friday, Sept. 20.—Ditto!

Saturday, Sept. 21.—Ditto!

Monday, Sept. 23.—Captain Bradbury asked me this morning, if it was correct that I had tendered my services as dry nurse to Master Floyer, out of the regard and respect I entertained for his mamma?

Thursday, Sept. 26.—Mr. Betterton told me in private that, from the short interval by which my arrival had preceded that of the Floyers—the intimacy and confidence with which the young lady had honoured me—and the deference which the old lady paid to my opinion—it was surmised they were old acquaintances, and that I knew more of the affair than I chose to admit. "Perhaps," said he, in his whining tone, "you recommended Budleigh as being such a quiet, retired place, and so well suited for such a purpose?" Can't endure the fellow!

Friday, Sept. 27.—As I expected, the women have got hold of it now! I was hobbling into the breakfast-room this morning when Mrs. Bradbury pounced upon me like a tigress. I thought something dreadful was coming. She looked at me in silence—took out her handkerchief—heaved a deep sigh—and began. "Mr. Gompertz, I am distressed—shocked beyond measure; it is an awkward subject for a female to touch upon, but I feel it my duty

to say that I've HEARD OF YOUR IRREGULARITIES." "Mine, Ma'am, mine! I live the most regular life in the world. Egad, Madam, my muscular contraction across my chest, and the inflammatory state of my liver, wo'nt allow me to do otherwise." "That's what I say! That's what I say! that with your contracted liver, &c.—you know what I mean—how you can go on in such a way I can't divine. And at your years, too! It would be a different thing, you know, if you were a young man! But hobbling about, with one foot in the grave—so very near, I may say, your end; altogether, it's the most extraordinary thing in the world!" "Madam," said I, with a bounce that made her start, "I understand you now; and if you were a man, I should tell you at once that your insinuations were false. As it is, Madam—as it is, I content myself with saying, that you talk like a woman, Ma'am—a mere woman." "Well, Sir," said she, colouring till her cheeks were like a peony, "my son, Captain Cornelius Bradbury, intends to talk to you on the subject." "He'd better not, Ma'am, he'd better not;" said I with a growl, while my very chair shook under me with passion. "As for that poor lost creature your paramour—" "Say nothing about her, mother Bradbury, say nothing about her!" They heard me shout the words in the attic story. "You're utterly unworthy to make mention of her." And I left her to her meditations.

Monday, Sept. 30.—How I sigh for the quiet and freedom of Fenchurch-street! I dread the strife of tongues—females in particular! Am I never to hear the last of this story? Even Miss Martingale our hostess, who must be considerably past fifty—there or thereabouts—talks of the poor misled young lady—of the character of her house—of her own unsullied reputation—of the demoralizing influence of bad example. "Fear not, Madam," said I, after she had

irritated me past endurance ; "fear not—I will answer for it that you, at least, will escape the contagion."

Thursday, Oct. 3.—Oh ! the perfidy of the sex! "*Varium et mutabile semper fœmina.*" I believe all that's said of them—all ! On my return from my walk, last evening, I was panting up the abominable perpendicular staircase with which Marmontel House is accommodated, when my lungs began to wheeze, and my legs to bend under me, and I gladly seized a chair and sat me down to rest upon the landing-place. Miss Gymer's *boudoir* faced me ; and the door I saw was a little ajar. On a sudden I heard a burst of laughter, and I fancied, my own name. "Well, let the consequence be what it will," said I, "I can't stir ! though I don't like to listen to my own praises, even from the lips of my dear Barbara." Another burst of merriment, and I plainly distinguished the words "Old Gompertz !" That might have been as well omitted, thought I ; old I am not —I was only sixty-two last May-day. "Once more Miss Gymer—I'm on the point of going—do pray give us the old monster's daily toast ?" . . . "My goodness," said I, in alarm, "Why that's Captain Bradbury's voice ! What can HE be doing in Barbara's boudoir ?" But how shall I describe my amazement—my grief—my indignation, and disappointment —when I heard Barbara, my own Barbara, give out, amidst peals of laughter, and with a close imitation of my peculiar voice, "THE KING ; GOD BLESS HIM ! LADIES YOUR BEST AFFECTIONS." "Capital ! Capital. It's old money bags himself. Good night, fair mimic !" and the Captain withdrew into the common sitting-room.

I thought I should have died where I sat. My own favourite toast—myself and my infirmities mimicked—and that, too, by—Barbara ! I verily believed my last moments were approaching. Another

peal of obstreperous mirth ! I listened to the pea hen squall of Mrs. Bradbury. Well, I'll see the second act of the farce, at all events ! "Never mind, Babbie," said Mrs. Gymer, "it's a capital match for you, child. He won't trouble you long. He can't live." "That's what I say ! That's what I say," chimed in the eternal Mrs. Bradbury, "it's a capital match for my friend Miss Barbara. To be sure he's an object ; but then his days are numbered. And—a young widow with a large jointure you'll have half the world at your feet." "Very true," said the gentle Barbara. "I wish I could distinctly make out his disease," Mrs. Gymer resumed : "He says Dr. Bankhead called it 'a muscular contraction across his chest, connected with inflammatory action in his liver,' and sent him down here for quiet and sea-bathing. But then who ever heard of such a complaint ?" "That's what I say ! that's what I say ; who ever heard of such a complaint ?" I wish, with all my soul, you had it, thought I. "I don't know much of Dr. Bankhead ; I saw him at Brighton, to be sure—and a very handsome man he was—and a monstrous favourite with the women—but to send a man down here to bathe with a contracted chest, and an inflammatory—what do you call it ? Never mind, you know what I mean ; altogether, it's the most extraordinary thing in the world !"

"By the by, Mrs. Bradbury," said Barbara, (what a detestable shrill voice that girl has !) "did I tell you the last joke played off on old Gompertz ?" "No, my dear, no ; let me have it." "Well ; we've all remarked his prominent eyes, resembling, in colour, boiled gooseberries ? "Yes ; yes ; and projecting like those of a lobster." "At the first haul for herrings on the beach, the old gentleman, who has a monstrous desire to see every thing that's going forward, forgot his fears and ventured among the crowd. All at once, one of that Cambridge reading

party, who will help the old soul I believe, towards his grave, jumped upon a barrel and said, with a degree of mock gravity that was utterly irresistible, 'Take care, there—take care; make way for that respectable old gentleman from Marmontel House. See! you are actually squeezing his eyes out!' Ha! Ha! Ha!" And they laughed till the room rung again. "Well, well, all this is very fair; but he's not to be laughed at as a husband, Babbie." "That's what I say!" chimed the cuckoo; "That's what I say! I hope the day is not distant, my dear, when I shall hear of your costly diamonds and brilliant equipage;—by the way, you'll take me to the Park occasionally?" "Yes, yes, when I'm once Mrs. Gompertz!" "That," said I, as I seized my crutch and limped off to my room, "that, thanks to this evening's disclosures, you shall never be! Down on your knees, Gaius Gompertz—down on your knees, and be thankful for the escape vouchsafed to you!"

Friday, Oct. 4.—I was musing this morning upon that unaccountable avidity with which women of a certain temperament in disposition and calibre of understanding seize and comment upon the fall of an erring sister, when I heard a smart rap at my door, and Captain Cornelius Bradbury bowed before me. After some desultory conversation—I detest your men of one idea who can talk nothing but nonsense—he made the remark of an unfeeling libertine upon the case of Emily Floyer. So—thought I—you're unprincipled as well as ignorant. The two generally go together! Another of his pestilential levities assailed me. "She's innocent, Sir, take my word for it; she's innocent. But I waive the subject, and you'll oblige me by not alluding to her." He would not take the hint, but proceeded. "Captain Bradbury, I insist upon it, that in this room that lady is mentioned with respect, or not at all." "Well then, Sir," said he, evidently nettled at my manner,

"we have another account to settle. You have spoken very disrespectfully and contemptuously to my mother, and I desire you'll eat your words." "Eat my words, Sir! No, no. I never did such a thing in Fenchurch-street, and I'm sure I shan't do so here." "Then, Sir, I have to propose but one alternative. An abject apology or"——and he made a motion like pulling a trigger. "You understand me. Is your mind," said he, with a sneer, "quite made up?" "Quite, Sir. I never made in my life two bites of a cherry, or two words to a bargain; and I'm sure I won't now."

"Then meet me to-morrow morning at six near the third mile-stone."

"WELL, I DON'T CARE IF I DO!"

I'm sure he did'nt expect this answer. He was not prepared for it. "Well, Sir," said he, as he moved towards the door, "you'll hear from me formally in the course of the evening. Prepare yourself with a friend. I am already provided."

"Captain Bradbury," said I, as he held his hand upon the lock, "I think it but candid and gentlemanly to acquaint you"—fie upon me for telling such an audacious lie!—"that I was always accounted a dead shot in my younger days, and infirm as I am, I don't often miss now." I saw his colour change, a cowardly villain! But he'll wing me, after all! I don't expect to escape! How should I when I never smelt gunpowder but when the Tower guns fired, and boast the innocence of a virgin in the use of fire arms? I suppose I may now give up all idea of ever returning to Fenchurch-street. My goodness! what will my confidential clerk, Solomon Atkinson,* say, when he hears of my untimely end?

* The end of this *confidential clerk* is curious. He decamped with five thousand pounds! The blow was sudden and overwhelming; and Mr. Gompertz never entirely recovered it.

EDITOR.

"*Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quærere.*" Who would ever have thought, to look at me, that I—Gaius Gompertz—should expire on the field of honour? Well, I stick to my text. *Emily Floyer is an injured and an innocent woman.* In that belief I die. To-morrow by this time, and I——the idea is serious and solemn. Let me meet it as I ought. Mine has been a busy life—let me ruminate!

Saturday, Oct. 5—Eleven A.M.—BETTER THAN I EVER WAS IN MY LIFE! I have experienced this morning the rare but most delightful feeling, that of being astonished at finding oneself in existence. About nine o'clock last night, as I was engaged in taking a retrospect of the past, my man came and said that "a gentleman wished to see me." "Can see nobody," was my reply. He returned shortly. "The gentleman would not detain me long—his business was particular and pressing." "Can't help it. My compliments to him—I'm most particularly engaged—wouldn't see my own brother." A long and angry expostulation followed. After a pause, Thomas returned. "Sir, the gentleman says, he must and will see you; and that he won't leave the house till he does." "Indeed! Then acquaint this importunate gentleman that if"—when, to my utter amazement, the door was thrown open, and the stranger appeared. He was in military undress—young—but pale; and began in a very prepossessing manner to apologise for pressing an interview. "Pray, Sir," said I, with a bow to the ground, "give yourself no concern on the subject. I am, as Mr. Bish says, the public's most obedient servant. It was particularly disagreeable to me to be intruded upon this evening—but what of that? I can make the pleasing confession that for the last three months I have never known what it was to have my own way once." "Let me hope, Sir, that my reasons will justify my intrusion. My name is Grenville; and I

have waited upon you in consequence of the very decided part you have been pleased to take respecting a young lady now an inmate in this house. In a word, Sir, an explanation is indispensable, and I call upon you"——"O, to be sure, I understand you perfectly. Well, Sir, I'm sorry your wishes are anticipated; but to-morrow's business over, I shall be then at *your* service. In for a penny, you know, in for a pound!"

"Really, Sir, I'm at a loss—" "What, you expected me to retract, did you? Never. I'll maintain with my dying breath, and I suppose I shall soon draw it, that that young lady is aspersed. *She is* NOT *the light person she has been represented!*" "Indeed, Sir, I hope so. That young lady is my wife; mine, before God and man."

"Wife! My dear Sir, allow me to give you joy Will you take any refreshment? I'm delighted to see you. You've relieved me more than I can express. Pray draw your chair nearer, and tell me the whole story."

"It is short, Sir, but not uncommon. I was a poor ensign—Emily Floyer was a rich heiress; her mother, for reasons which the world would approve, opposed our union; duty and prudence were forgotten; I urged, and prevailed on her to accede to a private marriage; summoned to my regiment, I was obliged to leave her; and all the evils which ever follow in the train of subterfuge and concealment, fell to her lot. Again, and again, I solicited leave of absence, but, till very recently, in vain; I have only reached her this evening, too late, alas! to support her under the mental distress, and bitter self-reproach, and heartfelt remorse, and undeserved odium which have assailed her—but sufficiently early, I trust, to vindicate her honour—defend her fame—rescue her character—and acknowledge her worth to a censorious world."

"Just in the nick of time, Sir! Not an hour to

lose. Your arrival has just saved me from venturing my life in a duel." "A duel, Sir, at your years?" "My years," said I briskly, "pray what age do you take me for? I was only sixty-two last May-day, and I'd an uncle that lived to eighty!"

"Never mind your uncle just now, Mr. Gompertz, we'll drink to his memory another time. Your antagonist was to have been Captain Bradbury—the time, seven in the morning—and the subject of the duel, the character of my wife. "How, in the name of fortune, did you learn"—"No matter; not from Bradbury or yourself; but it is entirely my affair, and you must leave me to settle it. I know the character of the man I have to deal with," said he, with a smile, "and will rejoin you in less than an hour."

Less than an hour! He was with me in about twenty minutes, bearing a most abject apology from Bradbury. "Bah," said I, "too submissive by half from a man who bears his Majesty's commission." "Of which," said Grenville coolly, "Cornelius Bradbury could never boast! He serves no less a person than his Highness the Cacique of Poyais! And now, Mr. Gompertz, good night! Forgive the trouble and uneasiness I have occasioned you; and forget the imprudence which caused it."

"Imprudence! My goodness, that is a mild term for conduct which had all but caused the death of a staid and sober citizen like myself! Answer me this, Sir: Solomon Atkinson, my confidential clerk, is at present taking a tour with his wife, and if I had dropped near the third mile-stone, what would have become of the firm in Fenchurch-street? My heart aches to think of it. Imprudence indeed!"

Thursday, Oct. 10.—I've *done* that red-headed hyena at last! She had the audacity, last night, to say to me at supper, "Shall I give you any gooseberry—FOOL?" "None, I thank you, Miss Barbar-rah! I fear it would do my poor boiled goose-

berry eyes no good; and they project far too much like a lobster's to be trifled with. This is old Gompertz' *last* joke. Ladies and gentlemen, I wish you good night."

Saturday, Oct. 12.—Mrs. Gymer, Miss Barbara Gymer, and her immaculate maid, Mrs. Diana Doubletongue, left Marmontel House at seven this morning! This is the most extraordinary event of the day. The next, is the inexplicable, I may say, UNNATURAL, silence of Mrs. Bradbury. She has spoken only once, at least to my knowledge, during fourteen hours. I was looking on the bay, from the drawing-room window—she was sitting beside me in a musing attitude—and said casually, "The tide is coming in;" she looked up, "So it is! Take it altogether, the most extraordinary thing in the world."

Wednesday, Oct. 23.—The little boy is to be christened to-morrow. I stand godfather. I wished it to be called Gompertz Grenville; but mamma said "No;" and the ensign, lieutenant I mean, laughed and mumbled something, I did'nt quite catch it, but it sounded like "You funny!"* "Well," said I, "funny or not, you won't find a prettier Christian name any where than Gompertz." And they laughed louder than ever. Mamma, however, took me in hand, and talked me over; and it was at last finally arranged, that the brat, whose arrival had all but precipitated me into an early grave, should receive the names of Charles Gaius Grenville. On Monday next we leave Budleigh; and on Friday se'nnight, all being well, I return for the rest of my days to No. 11, Fenchurch-street.

* *Euphony* probably was the term that escaped my worthy kinsman.
EDITOR.

POSTSCRIPT.

THE fate of Lord Byron's Memoirs has been so warmly agitated, and the interest excited by Mr. Moore's forthcoming volume is so very general, that I think I may, without apology, add a few observations on the subject. They are from the pen of my valued friend, Mrs. Ibbottson. I regret to add, that within the last three weeks that inestimable woman has ceased to exist. But, courteous reader, should you smile upon this volume, it is not impossible that "*Mrs. Ibbottson's Life and Remains, with some Extracts from her Journal, and Specimens of her Correspondence*," may shortly be laid before you. Her "Astrological Calculations," and her treatise, "Alchemy Laid open in Question and Answer"—too abstruse for the general reader, yet far too precious to be lost—it is my intention to present to the Royal Society. And now *ad rem.*

"The particulars that I can, with honour, give, respecting Lord Byron's Memoirs, you shall have. They were written—the first chapters, most undoubtedly—in letters; and sent to Mr. Moore, at irregular intervals, by post. When Mr. M. was abroad, he left these letters, which had become a very bulky packet, in the care of Lady Burghersh, at Florence; telling her their nature, and begging her, as they were very valuable, to keep them in her strictest custody. On his return, her Ladyship told him she had read the MS., and had made extracts. Moore expressed his surprise and regret;—gave her Ladyship to understand he could permit no individual whatever to have a duplicate copy—and required they should be burnt in his presence. A warm discussion ensued: but the poet was peremptory, and the peeress acquiesced. . . . Now, was Lady Burghersh the *only* lady that made extracts? And if so,

were they *all*, with no exception or reserve, committed to the flames? If this be the case, all I can say is, I have seen some most atrocious forgeries.

"Well: the MS., as all the world knows, was pledged to Murray. It was not to be published, by Lord Byron's strict injunction, during his *life time*—he died, and it was burnt! Lady Byron made a tender to Mr. Moore of the sum for which he had sold it to Murray; and which, of course, by its destruction, he was called on to repay. Those who know the poet can readily believe it was instantly declined!

"But why make a formal offer at all? Lady Byron knew how Moore was circumstanced, and how extremely inconvenient it must have been to find the ways and means for the repayment of three thousand guineas. Not that he wanted friends; but there never was a being more sensitive on the score of pecuniary obligation, or more resolutely averse to accept it. Besides, there were a hundred ways that would, in an instant, present themselves to a *generous* mind of doing, in a delicate manner, an act of justice. Why was not the sum sent, or given, or invested in the name of little RUSSEL; for whom the produce of the MS. was primarily intended? Lady Byron is rich—very rich—and the transaction says much for her pride, and little for her feeling."

Letter from Mrs. Ibbottson to the
EDITOR.

ALL IS WELL.

"Oh thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,—
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee?"

Moore.

ALL IS WELL.

It was a sad and a sorrowful party that were assembled, for the last time, within the walls of Plas-Newyd parsonage. The humble parish priest, who had so long ministered to the simple inhabitants of that quiet hamlet—who had guided them in joy and consoled them in sorrow—their example as well as minister—who had been their adviser in time of distress, and their advocate in the hour of difficulty—beloved for his virtues, for he had little to give; and feared for his reproof, for he boasted no legal terrors—was called to bid them an eternal farewell, and, with impoverished means and exhausted spirits, was about to seek another home.

Lawrence Atherley was one among many instances, where a morning of the fairest promise has become overcast ere noon appeared. Blessed with no ordinary share of talent, possessing no mean academical reputation, and friends neither unable nor unwilling to serve him, the twentieth anniversary of his ordination found him a Welch curate, with seven beloved claimants on his exertions, and a far poorer man than when he began his career.

He had been guilty of that unpardonable sin, in the eye of the world—an early marriage. As if a clergyman, whose amusements and pursuits lie in such a narrow compass—whose relaxations from study, and intervals of professional duty, should clearly be passed in a domestic circle—is alone to be excluded from the endearing charities and softening intercourse of domestic life, and compelled to seek for sympathy and happiness amid the pleasures and contentions of that fleeting world which he is bound to unmask and contemn?

Nor did he ever—even for one hour—regret his choice. And if occasionally fame brought to his ear the preferment of some contemporary, less deserving of distinction and less in want of emolument than himself, he might think for an instant, with a feeling of bitterness, of the scanty stipend for which he laboured, and glance at the wretched and ruinous abode in which he dwelt;—'twas but for an instant; for if his eye rested on the smiling group around him, he would instantly suppress the rising murmur: "He knows what is best for me—has placed me where, in reality, I am most useful. Why should I repine? He has ordered it, and—'*all is well!*'"

And sorrow had of late visited him roughly. The billows of affliction, as they broke, one by one, over his devoted head, carried away in succession some cherished expectation—some resource—some hope; *the effect was the same*—each left him more submissive—more resigned. His eldest son, a lad of much mathematical promise, was pining for the advantages and competition of Cambridge, and his father could not resist the conviction that *there* his talents might be appreciated and his industry rewarded. But where was he to find funds for encountering, even in those days, the expenses of a University education? And prudence perpetually put a question, which with all a father's love, he found difficult to answer—whether, untaught by his own shipwrecked hopes and clouded prospects, he did well to encourage in a lad of Lawrence's ardent temperament and acute sensibility, the wish of taking Orders. Was it one he would ever be able to realize?

Painful as were his reflections upon this point, they yielded both in intensity and interest to those which assailed him from another source—the situation of his younger son. You see him there—a little to the left—in the corner, near the window. Yes—that is Arthur—the fair boy with chestnut hair and bright blue eyes, who is kneeling by his mother's

chair, and gazing up into her face with the most unbounded affection, while he warbles as the close of his infant devotions, his "Evening Hymn." That clear, fair brow—that full, deep eye—those clustering ringlets—and that sweet confiding smile —'twould be almost an angelic countenance, if there was more expression there. But that will never be. Arthur was by far the most promising of Atherley's children—(he is still the dearest) when a blow—where and when given, and from whom received, had never been explained—sunk him, all at once, into a state of mental imbecility. It could hardly be said to amount to idiotcy. But with his intellect he lost not his gentle affectionate disposition —nor that voice, so clear, and full, and sweet—and withal, so wild and plaintive, that often even in their most cheerful hours, Arthur's sad and simple melody would steal upon their hearts, and beguile his mother and sisters of many sweet tears.

There were inconsistencies, too, about him, which could neither be reconciled nor explained; for though after the accident recollection failed him, his musical memory gathered strength; and the facility with which he would imitate sounds that struck him, and the readiness and tenacity with which he would catch and retain an air that pleased him, were altogether inconsistent with his feeble intellect and tardy comprehension in other matters.

Of sacred music he was passionately fond. And from a concert, at which he had petitioned and obtained leave to be present, he returned unusually dejected and oppressed. For a day or two he was silent. But one evening, just before he retired to rest, as they were all sitting around him, he withdrew silently from the group, and taking his accustomed seat a little apart from the rest, after a short prelude, burst forth with "Angels ever bright and fair." Every note, every word was given. As he gave it in his own, wild, plaintive tones—in his

own simple and touching style—without the slightest decoration or ornament, but with the truest pathos—connecting the words of the hymn with the cherub countenance of the songster—the devotion it breathes with the innocent life of the hapless being who sung it; it seemed the note of a spirit who had wandered from its blest abode,—the lament of some "bright straggler from another world," who was pouring out in song to his Heavenly Sovereign his ceaseless aspirations after his native sphere.

Atherley mourned deeply—bitterly, the affliction which had visited his boy, but "not without hope." "It is sent to try me—to humble me—to bring me back to God; and if it does but accomplish this gracious purpose,—ALL IS WELL!"

Alas! other and heavier trials awaited him. Mrs. Atherley's health began to droop. She at first affected to laugh at her hectic flush, failing appetite, and trembling limbs; called it weakness; said she must school her palate to relish homelier fare; admitted that she had confined herself too closely with the girls in the school-room; but spring was at hand, and would revive her. Alas! spring did come, with all its bursting buds and fragrant breezes; but brought not health upon its wings. Other symptoms appeared; and Atherley, alarmed, called in a neighbouring physician.

Dr. Horbury looked grave; "wished he had been consulted sooner;" declined "giving any opinion till he had seen more of his patient;" wrote a prescription; and leaving it with Mrs. Atherley, begged her, as a duty she owed to her family, to adhere strictly to his directions, and to take the greatest possible care of herself.

What Atherley's feelings were at this juncture, he who has ever dimly discerned a prospect of losing the object which made life dear to him, can alone conceive. The agony of such a moment must be endured. It cannot be described. For once the

feelings of the husband and father overpowered the fortitude of the Christian—"Oh, any thing but this! Welcome any trial—any privation—any affliction, but this one;—O SPARE HER, SPARE HER!"

This cup of sorrow was not yet filled. In the morning of the following day, intelligence was brought him of the death of his vicar, a robust, middle-aged man, after a few hours' illness. Some six or eight months previously, when the proprietor of Plas-Newyd had visited his property, an intimation had been given to Atherley, that in event of a vacancy, his large family, character, and exertions would not be forgotten: and after some little hesitation, he wrote to the patron, modestly reminding him of his promise.

A week—ten days—a fortnight elapsed. No notice was taken of his application. Meanwhile, Mrs. Atherley drooped daily; and her doting husband could no longer disguise from himself the approach of consumption. Dr. Horbury indeed soon put the matter beyond doubt. For, at his next visit, when the anxious and agitated Atherley begged to know the worst, the Doctor answered hoarsely, "You—you—shall. Hem—hem—eh—how this cold wind makes my eyes water—I can give no hopes. Nothing but a voyage to Madeira, and a residence in a more genial climate can save her. Very—very painful to me to say this.——The wind! I only wish to—I could do any more for her. Offer me no fees if you wish—intend me to call again. You're a clergyman—I'm the son of one. Keep her as quiet as possible, and—Confound my old eyes, they're getting weaker than ever!" And with a silent squeeze of his hand, Dr. Horbury left him.

"My love, I do not fear to die,"—this heroic woman began, when at her own urgent and reiterated request, Atherley repeated the substance of Dr. Horbury's communication. "There are ties which bind me to life," said she, in more faltering accents,

for her eye rested on little Arthur, standing beside her bed, with his hand locked in hers, while he looked into her countenance, anxiously and inquiringly, as if partly sensible some misfortune awaited him. The mother's heart overflowed and her eye filled. 'Twas but the convulsion of the moment. It passed away, and left her pale countenance serene and tranquil as before. "I know in whom I have trusted. 'Tis but exchanging one kind of existence for another—and oh, how far—far better!"

"And this woman—this wife—this mother to be lost"—said Atherley, as he rushed from the room in uncontrollable emotion,—"when perhaps a voyage to Madeira might save her! Surely, surely, I never felt the omnipotence of wealth till now."

A month had sluggishly rolled away, and brought no tidings of the destiny of the living. Under the most skilful treatment, ceaseless care, and more nutritious diet, the invalid had rallied. "No news is good news, my dear Lawrence. Who can tell what may be in store for us? Colonel Wynne is considering your application; and I feel so much better this morning; and the children look so happy and thriving; and all nature so gay and inspiriting—it would be a shame and a sin to despond! Perhaps I see the new vicar of Plas-Newyd now sitting before me!" And cheered by her smile, and gladdened by the unusual animation of her manner, Atherley felt half persuaded her prediction would prove true.

Within the next hour, hope became mournful certainty, from the receipt of the following letter:—

"Mr. Powys takes the earliest opportunity of acquainting Mr. Atherley that he has this day been instituted by the Bishop of Bangor to Plas-Newyd vicarage. Mr. Powys intends being at Plas-Newyd for the purpose of induction on or about the 20th instant; and as he finds himself perfectly equal to

his own duty, will, from that date, have no further occasion for Mr. Atherley's services.

"*Carmarthen, May* 5, 1817."

"Houseless and homeless—a dying wife, and a destitute family—still will I not despair! He who has supported me through many a trying hour of sorrow and suffering will yet be my guardian and guide!"

It is on the evening of this desolate day that I present him to my readers. Perhaps, as he sat encircled by his children, a darker shade might lower on his brow—and the sigh might be deeper—and the smile less frequent—but the man and the Christian were the same. And if, when he gathered his little household around him, a more earnest petition was preferred for resignation and submission, the faltering accents in which it was delivered betokened no diminution of his trust in God.

Perchance, too, as with a father's benediction he dismissed his children for the night, a *very attentive ear* might have caught this murmur, as the door closed upon them: "God be merciful to ye, my little ones, should my health fail me! God be your supporter—and your stay—and your comforter—if I should be taken away!"

His reverie—and it was becoming very painful—was interrupted by the arrival of Dr. Horbury. "Can't sit down; have no time for compliments. Here's something that concerns you nearly; read it; give me your decision when I return from seeing your wife." He handed to the astonished Atherley, while he spoke, a dirty, greasy, crumpled newspaper; and pointing to a particular paragraph, briskly mounted the stairs. It ran thus:

"If the Rev. Lawrence Atherley, who in the year 1800 was curate of Plas-Newyd, in the Isle of Anglesea, North Wales; or, if dead, the heirs of that

gentleman; will apply, personally, at the office of Messrs. Allen and Curtis, solicitors, Broad-street, they will hear of something greatly to their advantage."

Atherley turned to the date of the paper; it was upwards of a year old. "I had an uncle, 'tis true, wealthy and childless, who discarded me when, by marriage, I forfeited my chance for a fellowship. He MAY have relented; but still"—and he was relapsing into his reverie, when the Doctor's heavy boots were heard awaking the echoes of the stone passage.

"Well, what say you?" "Why, that I am the person meant can hardly be doubted; but the application must be personal, and the means"—"Are here," said the warm-hearted old man. "No thanks; I belong to the church militant myself. Wasn't my father chaplain to the late Duke of Cumberland; and didn't he live and die curate of Blythswood? Besides, Sir priest, this is only a loan; for, mark me, when you return from London, laden with riches, I'll have principal—cent. per cent. interest—ay, you dog, and my fees into the bargain."

A drowning man will catch at straws—the starving beggar will seize on offal—and Atherley thought for one half hour on his wife and children, and the next was on the road to London.

A trip from Anglesea to the metropolis was no such easy matter fifteen years ago; and it was on the morning of the fourth day that, fatigued and feverish, Atherley found himself in the bustle of Broad-street.

Having proceeded to the office, and announced his errand, he was received with considerable respect, but yet with some degree of reserve and distrust; and previous to any explanation being given him was subjected to the most extraordinary, and, as it appeared to him, pointless, cross-examination.

Among other queries, equally unmeaning, he was asked if he knew the late Sir Henry Molyneux? "Not at all." "Did you ever meet him?" "Never, to my knowledge." Mr. Allen smiled, and relaxing by degrees into good-humoured familiarity, at last observed, "You are in the habit of attending the Anniversary Dinner of the Sons of the Clergy?" "Not lately; the last I was present at, was held on Thursday, May 20th, 1798. I remember it particularly, on account of some painful conversation that followed."

"That is all we want, Sir," said Mr. Curtis. "I have now only to congratulate you on your increase of income, and to wish you may long enjoy it. The property is under seven thousand pounds. This bundle of papers will explain to you by whom bequeathed—under what circumstances—and where vested; and as you have a full hour's work before you, and probably would prefer being alone, we will bid you, for the present, good morning." And while Atherley, with a look of the most amusing perplexity, sat himself down to the table, deliberately to unravel this joyful mystery, Mr. Allen and his partner, *utterly unheeded*, shook him warmly by the hand and withdrew.

We shall follow their example; and leaving him to his packet of MS. solve the enigma by abridging its contents.

* * * * *

At an anniversary dinner, already alluded to, chance —no, I will not call it by so bad a name—accident, but regulated above, seated him near a middle aged military man, whose inexhaustible flow of spirits and fund of anecdote, rendered him a most entertaining companion. By one of those incidental expressions, which will occur even when mere men of the world are conversing on the most common-place topics, the conversation turned upon religion; and the

stranger, after indulging in a vein of sarcastic irony, broached opinions so wild—so daringly skeptical and presumptuous—that Atherley inquired—"Have you ever read the Bible?"

"Partially, when I was a child; but Heaven forbid that I should waste my time over its absurdities now!"

"Then, Sir, how can you in common honour or honesty, or with any show of fairness—for I place, purposely, every other consideration out of view—presume to deride a book which you have never read, and of the contents of which you are grossly ignorant? Is there any other book in existence of which you would venture to judge without perusal—or any other question on which you would feel yurself qualified to decide without a previous acquaintance with its merits? Make the trial. You will find it, after all, the best companion of a dying bed."

What reply followed this rebuke—whether any—is now immaterial. The conversation flagged. Some, who had previously participated in it, sat aloof in silence; others eyed the stranger with distrust; and one by one disappeared. Atherley was among the last; and with a distant bow of courtesy he and the stranger parted.

Years intervened. Sir Henry went abroad. Wealth—and leisure—and health—and talents—all were his. *but happiness never!* There was an aching void—a feeling of dissatisfaction and chagrin—a persuasion of which he could never divest himself, that all was unreal about him; that he was in chase of a phantom which he should never possess; which stilled the mirth of the festive board, and jarred the sweetness of the song; and ever and anon the dreary idea recurred—there may be another state of being, and if so my fate—"and it poisoned the very air he breathed, and turned all around him to bitterness."

He changed the scene; altered his mode of life; plunged into the whirl of politics; fatigued himself

with the details of business;—in vain. Something perpetually whispered, THIS IS BUT THE FIRST ACT OF THE DRAMA! And at every turn of his career some striking instance of mortality—some unexpected reverse—some bitter disappointment—forced upon him the melancholy conviction—"If this be the only world, what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue."

At length death seized upon the unbeliever at Rome. Upon the bed of languor and disease, the warning of Atherley recurred to him, and he resolved to READ HIS BIBLE. In silence and in solitude—with a spirit broken by suffering, and powers enfeebled by disease—he addressed himself to the task. Nature rallied, and dissolution came on with more measured strides—or rather, the Being he had so habitually despised, granted him time for repentance. He read with a heart anxious and willing to be convinced—he read with humility and earnestness—he read, and supplicated the while, that the spirit would help his infirmities—and he did not read in vain. He died—not a triumphant but a humble penitent. And his last hours were occupied in bequeathing the remains of his once princely fortune to that humble individual whose admonition he had never forgotten, and by whose advice he had at length been enabled and permitted to profit.

The last words he traced were these. They closed the narrative of his life, and introduced the bequest: "May you make a better use of it than I have ever done. Oh, would to God that I had felt the responsibility of wealth! I should not have now to call to mind talents abused—opportunities neglected—the poor and destitute despised—and God forgotten!"

* * * * *

The bequest has indeed been blest. For the receiver felt that from God it came; that to him an

account of its disposal must be rendered. Mr. Atherley is now sinking in the vale of years—and though yielding the palm of popularity, and perhaps inferior in usefulness, to his eldest son, is as earnest and as devoted to his master's cause, as in the full blaze of his powers: while his affectionate wife, restored by a long sojourn in a milder climate, is now a handsome, portly, contented grandmother.

In the happy domestic circle, Arthur alone is wanting. He has entered into rest. His sufferings were severe and protracted, and reason at times seemed overcast for ever. But all was bright at the close. A few hours before he died he was exempt from suffering, and his intellect was unclouded, and his hopes, how fair! Few that stood around his couch could listen to the outpourings of his youthful heart with unmoistened eye. "My sufferings,—not one too many if they bring me to glory. My father, bless me before I go? Dear mother forgive—Charles, don't forget me? My kind, merciful God!" he murmured; and with a gentle sigh, life ebbed away.

O! there is something inconceivably subduing in the chamber of death—comforting beyond measure, when we see the gloomy tyrant's dominion broken, and his victim triumphant even when submitting to his will. And Atherley, as he stood beside his child with a tearful eye—and gazed on that lovely countenance so inexpressibly calm and tranquil—and looked back on the past and forward to the future—could fancy the glorified spirit wing its flight to realms of bliss—and uttered with joyful meaning—"ALL IS WELL!"

Courteous reader—be your age or station what it may, soon the things of the spirit MUST occupy your exclusive attention. Soon the evening of life will close upon you. Soon the morning of the Resurrection dawn. Ah! bethink you at that awful moment, will ALL BE WELL?

THE

WEALTH OF NATURE.

"Though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state,
Yet nature's care to all her children just
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his."

Akenside.

THE

WEALTH OF NATURE.

TOUCHING matters of natal locality, in three particulars, I am gratefully bounden to Providence. First, That I was born an Englishman; 2dly, That I was born in the country; and 3dly, That my native district is one of hill and valley.

My reasons for gratitude, in the first instance, every Englishman must, or ought to appreciate. He that does not, is past the force of argument or oratory. Demosthenes, Cicero, or Chatham would be lost upon him. I therefore shall leave him to his own perverse and cosmopolitan notions. For the second and third, some of my reasons will peep through the following pages.

I am no agriculturist—I belong to no agricultural society—am no feeder of prize cattle—nor inventor of patent ploughs. Yet I have always regarded the occupations of the shepherd and the husbandman with love and respect. Venerable are the associations linked to their primitive employments—the primal examples of a division of labour—the respective trades in which the two sons of Adam embarked for themselves. In the midst of an innovating generation, these occupations must, and do still, remain essentially the same, as when they were followed by the husbandman Cain and the shepherd Abel, in the infancy of the world, six thousand years ago. They still preserve much of their ancient simplicity, unchanged and unimpaired, by the turmoil, and restlessness, and rapacity of the world around them.

The country is the legitimate domain of the poet. All the accompaniments of agricultural life and employment are within his command, and furnish fitting materials for his purposes. The reason for this is sufficiently apparent. B sides the reverence with which we regard this premature occupation, *it has to do with the great operations of nature.* The successive seasons—the changeful sky—vegetation——decay—and reproduction, are the subjects which instantly present themselves to the mind in connexion with this topic. Rushing torrents sweeping away the hopes of the year—or meandering streams fertilizing the pastures—the mighty forest agitated through all its thousand oaks by the force of the tempest—the lofty hill, beneath which expands the illimitable ocean, stretching far away till it is lost in vacancy; these, enriched with a host of associations, (the accumulated experience or the superstition of ages) all belong to this most interesting subject. Virgil took it up at large, and produced the poem on which his fame rests more securely than upon that which records and illustrates the griefs and exploits of Æneas. His "*lætas segetes*" excels the "*Arma virumque*," perhaps both in invention and power; and the accuracy of the author's judgment is thought to have been clearly shown, when in his last moments he directed the destruction of the one and the preservation of the other.

Natural objects as they have been the favourite theme with the poets of all ages have obtained a powerful influence over imaginative and contemplative minds. Seated on an eminence of the Alps, under the impulse of strong feeling, awakened by the contemplation of an extensive and magnificent scene, Goldsmith forgot his poverty and his privations—felt not that he was a houseless wanderer—that he was cast aside at random, like the neglected shrub before him—that he possessed not the means of purchasing

his next small scanty meal, and exclaimed to the rivers, the lakes, the groves, and the pastures before him,

> "For me your tributary stores combine,
> Creation's heir, the world—the world is mine!"

And this is the proper style and title of the man who can walk abroad amidst the prodigalities of nature with the feelings of a poetic mind. To such a man the face of the country is a mine of inexhaustible riches. He may well be designated the heir of creation, who enjoys its beauties wherever they meet his view, with a zest altogether unintelligible to many a lordly possessor; who plants his groves, and spreads his lawns, and expands his lakes—but has no true relish for the loveliness of the combinations which his wealth produces:—his grace repairs to his magnificent domain for a month or two in the year—perhaps spends his Christmas there—when nature is as devoid of attraction as she ever can be; and leaves it for the smoke of the city—*fumum et opes strepitumque Romæ*—during the freshness of spring—the fulness of summer—and the soberness of autumn, to your contemplatist, whose cottage is perched in yon bowery nook without the park paling. Is not this last THE REAL LORD OF THE SOIL, and the former "*only a lodger*;" or, at most, a tenant at will, whatever the Herald's College may decree to the contrary? What matters it to such a man that he has not parchments to authenticate his title to manors, lands, and hereditaments. He has no royalties; but then he cares nothing for waifs and strays—no rights of common, but a common right to all the beauties of creation—possesses no rights of fishery; it grieves him not, for he has no sinister designs against the scaly fry—enjoys no rights of forestry, and the chase; it is the same to him as if William Rufus had left him his New Forest of the twenty

manors, or Lord Rivers would present him with his enormous Cranbourn Chase. The thunders of the game laws roll innoxiously around him, for hare and hart, pheasant and moorcock, are all his sylvan friends; and he would as soon set out upon a crusade against his cousins and acquaintance, as arm himself against the denizens of field, forest, or river.

What are acts of parliament—what are meetings of justices to enforce game laws—what are cautions to trespassers or preserves—to such a man? Earth, air, and water are his by the unalienable title which he derives from the God of nature; and who can put his "unhoused and free condition into circumspection or confine?" To the sordid man of business, or the selfish man of pleasure, this enjoyment of nature is absurd rhapsody and ridiculous romance, but he feels it to be a tangible, positive good; and can easily endure their sneers or their disregard while he has real, sensible enjoyment as his recompense, and is sanctioned in his prepossessions by the example of the intellectual and contemplative of all ages.

In reviewing the grander features of nature, ocean, "fathomless and broad," bursts upon the imagination, and callous indeed must his heart be who at first sight does not acknowledge the immensity of the object, and feel that till now he has never beheld the sublimest and most impressive symbol of eternity. The constant succession of the waves, each thrusting his fellow forwards, picture forth the ages of man impelled upon the shore of being, and successively lost amidst the generations that preceded them.

Rivers and "brooks of water" rank high among the riches of the lover of nature. We are not surprised that an object in which so much beauty and usefulness are united should have received divine honours from the exuberant fancy of the ancient mythologist;—images of the silent lapse of time, gliding away towards eternity, are associated with

the continuous and unvarying flowings of a river; and the mind cannot dwell on its progress without a tranquil but melancholy feeling stealing over and completely subduing it to its power.

The most philosophic of modern poets, and one whose authority on the subject is of the best, has noticed the influence of streams on the poetic mind, and he countenances the opinion of another son of nature and of song, that susceptibility of the influence of natural objects is characteristic of an undoubted Parnassian. "The power of waters," says Wordsworth, "over the minds of poets has been acknowledged from the earliest ages—through the *flumina amem sylvesque inglorius*, of Virgil, down to the sublime apostrophe of the great rivers of the earth, by Armstrong, and the simple ejaculation of Burns:

> 'The muse nae poet ever fand her,
> Till by himself he learn'd to wander
> Adown some trollin burns meander,
> And nae think lang.'"

The imaginative mind is also strongly impressed by woods and forests. Thompson and Cowper are the English poets of woodland scenery. Nor will the classical reader forget the splendid imagery derived from this feature of nature, while he remembers the murmur that descends from the waving woods of the huge Meritus. Wordsworth regards sublimity as indissolubly connected with the idea of an extensive forest—"For," says he, "it will never be wanting where the sense of innumerable multitude is lost in and alternate with that of intense unity." "Mountains and all hills" are the fruitful theme of the poet and the favourite range of the contemplatist. In mountainous regions, where the air is more pure than in the plains, "the body is more active and the mind more serene." There is, doubtless, a bracing, an invigorating, quality in the keen air of Alpine tracts; and in traversing the summits of

some mountainous ridge, the mind partakes in the exaltation of the body above the dwellings of man, which are seen far beneath—the step is lighter, and we seem to tread in air. The same Goldsmith, who styled himself the heir of creation, when on the Alps, had poured out his melancholy plaints:

"Or by the lazy Scheld or wandering Po."

As if the poet of the Zuyder Zee and the Alps was not the same identical person.

As the mountains and eminences impress the mind by affording prospects over a large expanse of country, so do they rank in themselves as the most magnificent and sublime features of nature. They are the lineaments in the face of the world—the same as the flood left it after its general destruction. I never look upon a range of hills without a feeling of reverence for those unchanged monuments of the olden time—the structure of nature herself. They, "the eternal hills," remain the same, while around them kingdoms are destroyed—cities moulder into dust—the works of man, and man himself, far more frail than the works of his hands, are constantly the subjects of change and decay. Caucasus still lifts his summit above the regions of Asia—Pelion and Olympus still appear to prop the Grecian sky—the Alps still fence Italy from the north; but where is the glory of the Assyrian and the Mede—of Athens or of Alexander—of Scipio or of Hannibal.

Mountainous districts also possess particular interest to the imaginative and contemplatist, as the retreat of popular traditions, superstitions, and usages. Less exposed to innovation than the level country, the inhabitants of the Uplands usually present the characteristic appearances of a more ancient race than their neighbours of the plain, and retain with considerable tenacity much primitive simplicity and picturesque distinctness of manners. I therefore re-

joice that our hill countries still afford some refuge to the traditions and customs of the time of old, for in them is their only security. Refinement and civilization (how often so misnamed) pursue them from post to post;—like our British ancestors, before the invaders of their land, they retire to the mountainous fastnesses of Scotland, Wales, Cumberland, and Cornwall, as the only places of shelter and security.

Ancient mountains I reverence ye—venerable usages I love ye—and with your priest and poet I bid ye all hail!

> "Hail ancient manners! sure defence,
> Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
> Remnants of love, whose modest sense
> Thus into narrow room withdraws.
> Hail usages of ancient mould!
> And ye that guard them, mountains old!"
>
> WORDSWORTH.

First impressions are frequently indelible, and to me it seems an advantage and privilege which wealth could never purchase, to have obtained my first impressions in a "land of the mountain and the flood." Next to this advantage is that of obtaining them in any part of the country—out of the artificial sphere of large towns. For it is to the dwellers in the country that nature unveils her secret charms. Your tourist, who scours through the land with his road book in his pocket, knows nothing of the matter, any more than your villarian, who comes down to his mansion or his country box, for a few weeks together, or at stated intervals. These are the uninitiated—the mere "proselytes of the gate." They may talk about nature, scenery, and the picturesque—they may make sketches—and perhaps go the length of inditing tours; some may even take up a permanent abode, but this is also ineffectual, with artificial habits and prepossessions:—so great is the difference between a country life and a life in the country!

ARCHDEACON DAUBENY.

"Whilst the genuine principles of the Reformation are sincerely felt and manfully avowed by the informed and influential classes of our community, we shall have little to fear from the violence of its open enemies, or the machinations or weakness of its temporising friends. The cause of true Religion cannot fail, even under the desertion of its nominal followers. Superstition cannot put down Scripture."

Archbishop Magee.

ARCHDEACON DAUBENY.

THERE surely must be something inconceivably poisonous and pestilential in the nature of controversy, if we may judge by the effects which it is constantly producing. Not only does it appear to dim the vision of able, and in other respects, impartial men, as to the virtues of their literary opponents; but it seems actually to infuse into their bosoms a bitterness of spirit, or an obliquity of feeling, which renders them for a time incapable of appreciating all that is beautiful in thought, or estimable in practice.

Such were my reflections on reading a recent attack upon the Archdeacon of Sarum. Its contents are curious. The assailant takes upon himself to assert, that his venerable opponent is at length in his dotage—that he has long been bordering upon second childhood—that he is perverse, obstinate, and selfish. Nor is this all. He hints that the Archdeacon is actuated by the most hypocritical motives; and in no measured terms, accuses him of falsehood. These are hard words: I think I know the Archdeacon well; and, to be brief, here are the fruits of my lucubrations.

To this hour I remember the effect—and I question whether aught but the chilling approach of death will efface it from my recollection—which the Archdeacon's air and manner produced upon me the last time I ever saw him officiate. It was at the consecration of his church at Rode. I call it *his* church,

because, to his influence—to his exertions—to his judicious and unbounded liberality, its owes its existence; because it was embellished by his taste; and completed under his constant and unwearied superintendence. The expression of countenance, as he accompanied the Bishop up the aisle, repeated the consecration service—those who witnessed, will ever remember, though they cannot describe. Joy—gratitude—humility—devotion—all were imaged forth in that dark and full beaming eye. It told of difficulties surmounted—of obstacles overcome—of holy triumph—of Heaven in view. Nor was the scene, subsequently, at the altar, less imposing. There stood prominently before it three venerable figures, whose united ages could not fall short of two hundred and forty years. The Bishop of Salisbury, bending under the pressure of age and infirmity,* occupied the foreground. On the right was Dr. Daubeny, on whose erect and manly form time seemed hardly to have dared to lay his withering hand; on the left, the Vicar of Steeple Ashton, whose tottering gait and silver locks bore out the assertion that he was verging on his ninetieth year. Around them were to be seen in clustering attendance, the junior clergy, with whose glowing countenances and youthful figures, these aged dignitaries formed an affecting contrast. They had nearly finished their course on time's eventful journey; with the others, it was just begun.

The church is a perfect picture. Built in the most beautiful style of Gothic architecture—on the summit of a hill—in the midst of the most enchanting landscape—looking down with an air of protection upon the hamlet that is scattered at irregular inter-

* Since this hasty sketch was written this exemplary prelate has been summoned to his heavenly reward; and it would be difficult to say which has suffered the greatest bereavement by his death, his clergy, his family, or society.

vals below it—and completely isolated from every other object—it forms a feature on which the eye of the most fastidious critic may repose with transport. Its cost is reputed to have exceeded ten thousand pounds; of which the Archdeacon alone contributed three. "It is my legacy," he said to me at Bradley, after the consecration was over, "to the Church of England." The books for the reading desk are the gift of the Archdeacon's grand-children; being, as I heard the little ones joyfully relate, "the savings of our pocket money towards grandpapa's church." The plate for the communion was presented by the Archdeacon; and there is a fact connected with it so emblematic of his simplicity of heart, and to my mind, so expressive of his character, that I cannot forbear recording it. Some months previous to the completion of Rode church, its indefatigable supporter was so severely attacked with illness that his recovery was deemed hopeless. Acquainted with the opinion of his medical men, and perfectly coinciding in it, he calmly and steadily betook himself to settle his affairs, and especially every particular relating to his church. "Let the communion vessels," said he, to his old friend Mr. Hey, "be as handsome as can be made—but plated. I have always condemned those who have placed unnecessary temptations in the path of their fellow mortals; and I am earnest that the last act of my life should hold out to others no inducement to sin."

Nor is the beautiful church at Rode the only substantial proof which the Archdeacon has given of his zeal for the Establishment. The inhabitants of Bath well know how unwearied and how liberal an advocate he proved himself to be for the building of Christ church in that city; the money, the pains, the time, and the exertions, which he brought to the cause. Such is the man who has been styled, forsooth, "a hypocrite!" Well; there are, to be

sure, various shades of hypocrisy, and different modes of evincing it, but that which the Archdeacon has adopted appears to be the most extraordinary of all. One has heard of men giving to a cause their *breath*, in the way of eulogy—or sanctioning a charity by their *name*, and a *nominal* subscription; but to devote a handsome private fortune to the support of the established religion of the country, and this year after year, in the most liberal manner, and at every opportunity, and, as it will be seen in the sequel, by the exercise of the most undeviating self-denial—is one of the most extraordinary specimens of hypocrisy I have ever chanced to meet with.

So much for his public character. We will now look at him in another light, as a parish priest. The peasant of sixty years ago would hardly recognise, in its present state, the village of North Bradley. It was once a poor, straggling, miserable hamlet—had a church half in ruins—and, surrounded with a few stunted shrubs, a vicarage apparently in a state of dilapidation: it is now the very picture of thriving industry. Its church and churchyard, in admirable order, tell the passing stranger that there is a watchful eye over both; while the vicarage, embosomed in trees, with its verdant lawn and sweeping shrubbery, says as plainly that both taste and generosity have been tried here. In the centre of the village the heart of the philanthropist is gladdened by a noble structure entitled "The Vicar's Almshouse;"—it is built of Bath freestone, in a style at once handsome and substantial, and is devoted to the reception of twelve poor people, who, from the experience of better days and the education and habits of former years, are far too good for the pollution of the common poor-house, and yet are obliged, by sorrow and misfortune, to seek any shelter, however dreary, where they may hide their head and die. I have often dreamed in theory of what a blessing

such an institution as this might prove to a parish, but I never till now saw it realised;—and yet, in a commercial country like our own, and where wealth is in such a constant state of fluctuation, what a circle does not such a scheme embrace! For what country clergyman, at all conversant with the state of his flock, cannot say he has found many children of sorrow far superior to the indiscriminate mixture of the village workhouse, but who aged, helpless, diseased, and stricken, have no longer the power or the means of assisting themselves. A little farther on is the Asylum, endowed in the same liberal manner as the former—built in the same handsome style —and furnished with the same comforts; here four blind and aged people pass the little remnant of their life in continual prayer and praise;—prayer, that God would shower down his choicest blessings upon their generous benefactor; and praise, for having their lot cast in a parish where there is one who has the means and the inclination to cherish and protect the helpless blind.

Nor has the rising generation been forgotten. The Vicar's School, a room well designed and admirably adapted to its object, is filled with healthy and happy faces; while a schoolmaster and schoolmistress are paid, and a comfortable residence afforded them, from the same ever open hand.

It is hardly possible for the stranger to pass through North Bradley without having his curiosity excited by the appearance of one or other of these striking buildings; and it is still more impossible, on becoming acquainted with its object, to check the inquiry, "Who built it?" The same inquiry will apply to all—the Archdeacon. Or, as a farmer's wife, with her bright good-humoured face, answered my incredulous query on the subject—"Ay, you may stare; but 'tis all the old gentleman's doing—all his doing. Ah! it was a fine day for the parish

when parson Daubeny came to Bradley." It has been calculated that the sum of fifteen thousand pounds would barely cover the past and present charities of its venerable incumbent; nor do I think this by any means an extravagant computation. I well know in what an overflowing stream his "winter charity" annually flows. Flannel and warm clothing for the aged and infirm; hats and bonnets by the score for the industrious poor; coals by the chaldron, potatoes by the cartload; and cheese by the ton;—such is the princely manner in which the Archdeacon's bounty arrives at Bradley. And the liberality with which it is distributed does not disgrace the donor. His own chaplain—whom, I believe, I may safely term his almoner—told me, "The Archdeacon's directions to me are, 'Ask no questions of the applicant whether he goes to church or chapel; if he can look you in the face, as an honest man, and say I am in want, and you have no reason *primâ facie* to disbelieve his statement, give without inquiry and at once.'" These are the actions, pursuits, and plans of a man who is "in his second childhood!" These are the "*circumscribed*" charities of—"A BIGOT!" This is the manner in which month after month and year after year the fortune, time, and talents of that man are employed who the Catholic bishop, Dr. Baines, has the hardihood to insinuate is a hypocrite!!

But perhaps it may be urged in reply, "all this display of charity is very Christian and very praiseworthy; but the Archdeacon's fortune is handsome, and he can afford it. Beyond doubt there is no gratification which he denies to himself." The reverse is the fact. The pervading feature of every object at the vicarage is its extreme simplicity; every thing is good but singularly plain. His table is frugality itself; the epicure, or the fanciful eater, must not trust himself there. *Fuge littus iniquum.*"

Alas! for *him*, not a trace of self indulgence, personal extravagance, or private gratification is perceptible. In conversation the Archdeacon is reserved; and there may be some truth in the remark, that he "does not possess the knack of talking;" but the few observations which fall from him are those of a man who has read much and thought more. He is cautious and rather unwilling to form fresh acquaintances; and is accused, I think most unjustly, of hanging back from the younger clergy. I say unjustly, because I have heard those whom distance had placed beyond the sphere of his action, and others whom fanaticism had blinded to his worth, term him a "haughty dignitary," and a "high priest," &c.; but, during a residence in his own immediate neighbourhood, I had reiterated proofs of the kindness and courtesy of his manner to his younger brethren in the ministry; how ready he was at all times to afford them not only his advice but his able and unwearied assistance, and, if circumstances required, it, his personal support. His circle of private friends is small. I remember his once saying to me, "there is not, in England, a great deal of society in which a clergyman, that is, I mean, a clergyman alive to the duties of his holy calling, and mindful of the sacredness and separation of his profession, can, with propriety, mingle." He holds in dignified and just contempt that vilest of all expedients for killing time—taking up and laying down scraps of painted paper; but is particularly fond of sacred music. Like some other able men he has lived too much in his study and too little in the world; and is occasionally the dupe of the most barefaced imposition. Of this I heard an instance from his own lips. We had been talking of the London Society for the conversion of the Jews. "Not long ago," said the Archdeacon, "a most singular looking individual, miserably clad, and the very picture of po-

verty, came to Bradley and requested to see me. After a short preface he told me he was a converted Jew. My mind misgave me about the man; but as I felt reluctant to turn him empty away, I entered into conversation with him at some length, and questioned him pretty closely. His answers were so singularly well expressed, and evinced such an intimate acquaintance with Scripture—his account of himself so plausible—and the change which gradually took place in his mind was so extremely natural, and so ingenuously described—that I felt convinced I had done him injustice. I kept him ten days, clothed him, and gave him a draft for ten guineas. Forty-eight hours afterwards I heard of his getting drunk at the 'Ring of Bells' in the next village, and boasting how 'gloriously he had gulled Old Daubeny!' I must confess I felt rather chagrined at the moment; though, to be sure, after the experience I have had, I ought to know better by this time. Well, well, after all I had rather be the *cheatee* than the *cheater*."

Reserved, and at times austere as he appears, he abounds in kindly feeling. It was delightful to see him come out in his gray reading gown and romp with his little grandchildren on the lawn, the most noisy and riotous of the party; and there is no instance I remember of my ever having spent a day with him in which he did not mention the late Mrs. Daubeny coupled with some brief but most affectionate apostrophe to her memory.

Such is the Archdeacon of Sarum—the "hypocrite," and the "bigot." How far the portrait is correct, let those who know him best determine. I have sketched him as he is—in a light far more subdued than my own respect for his worth and admiration for his talents would prompt me. If the portrait then appear highly coloured blame not the painter but the original.

But it may perhaps be inquired who is this partial

delineator? I reply—an obscure country curate, in no way connected with, or dependent upon, his subject; but an ardent admirer of virtue and uprightness, and somewhat attached to truth and plain speaking. I have nothing to hope from Dr. Daubeny's favour, nothing to dread from his resentment. At the Archdeacon's advanced period of life, and at the distance at which my present curacy removes me from the sphere of his example, it is somewhat improbable we shall ever meet again, but in another state of being. And if his place be—as it well may—a higher one than mine, I trust he will yet be permitted to visit the meaner mansions of his father's house.

The Archdeacon is above the middle height, erect, rather stout, and very manly in appearance; his eye is keen and penetrating; his air that of an inflexibly honest and determined character. His manner is a happy mixture of dignity and benevolence; while the leading features of his character appear to be great simplicity of heart, combined with the most unbending and uncompromising integrity. I should not consider him an eloquent man in the pulpit, but a sound divine and a most conclusive reasoner. His voice, probably from age, is deficient in power: and does not possess that clear and distinct articulation of which it might have boasted at an earlier period of his life. But it has still some most touching intonations; and they who were present at his consecration sermon will long remnmber the eager earnestness—the glow of devotion—and the burst of affection which characterized its close.

His charges to the clergy of his archdeaconry speak for themselves. They will long convey his character to posterity as the able, undaunted, and unwearied advocate of Church of England principles; while his fervent zeal—his open-hearted hos-

pitality—his unbounded charity—and his blameless life—furnish the best test of that faith which has been his unfailing support during a long and eventful career, and which will form his everlasting reward when the flitting shadows of earth shall be merged in the realities of eternity.

A COUNTRY CURATE

JUNE 10th, 1825.

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